Due Cain



# OPTIMA ANNI

Balmoral Hall

Minnipeg

June 1961 Congratulations and best wishes

to

Balmoral Hall Graduates

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## Balmoral Hall

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Nursery School to Grade XII

School Opens for Fall Term — September 7

For prospectus and information concerning admission for September, 1961 Write to

The Headmistress: Miss G. Murrell-Wright, B.A. Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Manitoba



S. Evans, A. Sellers, A. Urquhart, M. Reid, M. Tweddell, J. Lye, D. White, J. Knight, B. Nichol, S. Workman, H. McGibbon.

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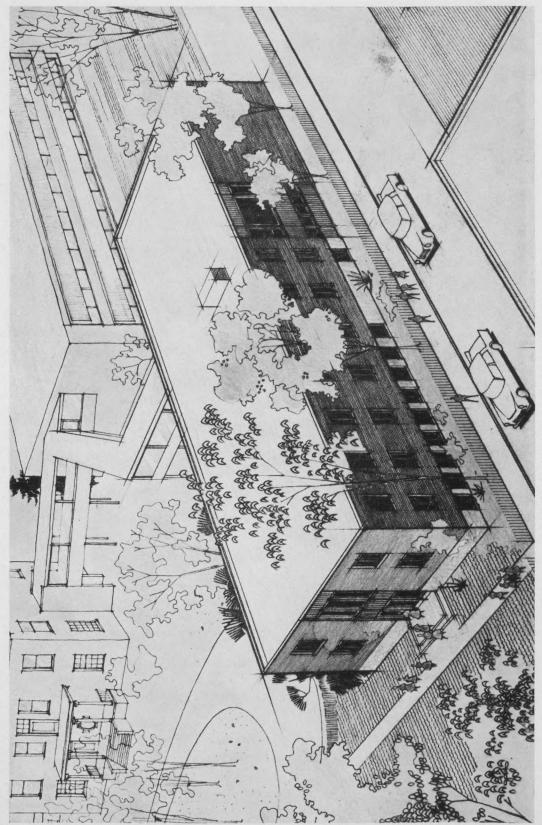
We should like to express our thanks to Paramount Studios, to Brigdens of Winnipeg, Limited, to all who kindly offered advertisements for our Magazine, and especially to Stovel Advocate Press without whose consistent help this book would not have been possible.

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#### Optima Anni

During the Christmas Term a competition was held in the Senior School to produce a name for the Balmoral Hall Magazine. From about forty varied entries, the Magazine Executive chose "Optima Anni", The Best Things of the Year, submitted by Betty Nichol.



ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE NEW BUILDING

#### **EDITORIAL**

#### "Optima Anni"

At last we have given a name to our Magazine and for young readers and non-Latin scholars. I translate—"The Best Things of the Year".

Whether in Nursery School or Grade Twelve, each of us has her own conception of the best things that happened this year at Balmoral Hall. It may be that hundred per cent in mathematics, that wonderful Graduation Dance, or even that place on the Basketball Team. Our Magazine, with the innovation of a title this year, is a review of all these commendable events.

But the very BEST thing for Balmoral Hall, and so for us, is our new building. As we go to press I look at bulldozers, cement mixers, boiling tar, great lumps of mud, and piles of gravel. What a contrast to the architect's drawing! But the drawing is to be a reality in September. For the small juniors in Kindergarten and Nursery School and Grade I there will be new classrooms on the lower floor of the building. The second and third floors will contain rows of bedrooms all equipped with gaily-patterned curtains and matching bedspreads. At last, boarders, a fireplace has arrived where everyone can enjoy fireside chats in the drawing-room. Who will bring the birch logs in her trunk? Now there will be a cold-lunch room for the day-girls—no more lunch hours in the Science laboratory, Kindergarten or Common Room. At the extreme end of the building is something for everyone—a larger dining-hall, and a completely new kitchen.

Now we all wait for the completion of the building, and this thought is the bond that has held us together this past year. The trials of crowded quarters and noisy drills have been tolerated because of the pride and expectation with which we wait for the opening of our new building. As we wait, we speculate on differences in the life of the school which the new facilities will bring. The old proverb, "The old order changeth yielding place to the new" comes to mind as we think of our new title, "Optima Anni", and our new building, the "best thing of the year".

JAQUELINE LYE,

Editor



THE PREFECTS

BACK ROW—Nancy Eaton, Helen McGibbon, Nancy Webb, Carol Cranston, Betty Nichol, Sports Captain;
 Judith Knight.
 FRONT ROW—Suzanne Evans; Judith Cowie, Head Girl; Anne Sellers; Jaqueline Lye, School Captain.

#### Silence

"Silence" is certainly a common enough word. Indeed, as I consider its constant use, I cannot help thinking that it is far too common. According to the dictionary, "silence" and "quiet" are parallel in meaning, but anyone who is able to use the two words interchangeably cannot possibly understand the charm of the former as compared to the harshness of its counterpart.

For years poets have dwelt on the beauty of this word. Edgar Lee Masters, the great American poet, used "Silence" as the theme for one of his best-loved poems. In this poem Masters writes on his various conceptions of times in each man's life when, filled with deep emotion, he seeks refuge in "silence". With striking examples, Masters shows how the hateful and loving, joyful and fearful, victor and vanquished, all share the Great Silence.

Nevertheless, silence is not restricted to those with artistic or imaginative minds, for it is often used by the purely realistic person. To most of the realists, this means the state completely isolated from sound, such as the life of the deaf. Deaf people work and live under what we think of as a great handicap, and yet with love and

understanding they may lead useful and interesting lives. In fact, most people at one time or another, especially if they live in one of Canada's larger cities, have wished to share this silence, if only for a moment!

Often as I sit alone, I think of this word and wonder why it interests me. I always arrive at the same conclusion-silence has always reminded me of a church and of people communing with God. The few deaf people I have known have seemed to hold a far deeper knowledge of God than I shall probably ever have, and Masters' examples of deep emotion are all examples of times in men's lives when they most need God's counsel. However, in one major way I am taking the liberty of criticizing this poet, for I believe he has omitted the Greatest Silence of all. the silence of Christ on the Cross. For three hours Our Saviour hung in unbearable pain for no fault of His own. To me, therefore, silence holds a special significance as an example of Christ's love for us, unworthy though we are. For this reason I do appreciate it when the word "silence" is left out of all warnings and admonitions and its harsher counterpart employed.

SUZANNE EVANS-Grade XI

Balmoral Hall,

June, 1961.

#### **JUBILATE**

My dear Girls,

My conversations with you are usually to counsel, to encourage, to stimulate, to calm, and often to reprove, but this, my final conversation, is to praise you. I am full of praise for the way you have accepted the situations that have arisen during this year of building.

We won't forget this year. Boarders, do you remember packing up and leaving the Red House? And then remember that busy noon hour when everyone helped to move the remainder of the furniture to the lawn outside the White House? We moved out with light hearted abandon, but we shared several moments of sadness as the old Red House was demolished so ruthlessly, and as those lovely birch trees one by one were felled.

We won't forget this year. The Kindergarten was moved to the Art Room and the Art to the Common Room, and that didn't make it easy for after lunch recreation or for the Art students. The drawing-room disappeared and that spoiled the rendez-vous area for some and the music hours and the recitals for others, but you have been remarkably understanding.

We won't forget this year with bunk beds in the drawing-room, bunk beds in the Kindergarten, bunk beds in the Boarders' Sitting-Room, no real clothes cupboards—in fact no space anywhere. And yet I heard you happily greeting each other after the Easter Holiday—greeting each other, and glad to be back for the summer term despite the difficulties, and I watched you and I praised you.

We won't forget this year with water over the driveway, and cement mixers and mud outside; and inside, bunk beds, crowded rooms, a line-up for baths in the residence, art in the Common Room, and cold lunch wherever a spot could be found. But you have survived in a most praiseworthy manner, and I commend you.

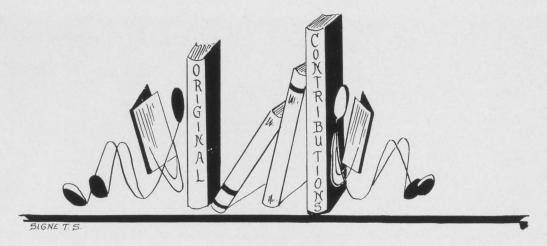
My very best wishes go with you all for a happy summer, and I can assure those of you who are graduating this June, and who will not benefit by our wider facilities, that we will welcome you whenever you can visit us. After our Opening Assembly on Thursday, September 7th, there will be a tour of the new building for all Old Girls, and later, an invitation to the official Opening.

No, we won't forget this year, but you who are returning in September will find many exciting surprises to welcome you and a host of challenging opportunities.

Until then, happy holidays!

Yours affectionately,

Shurrelbledright -



## LITERARY ~

#### In Need

"Gimme that one there," demanded an unshaven man, pointing to a magazine with a

suggestive cover.

Deborah looked away in disgust. She glanced impatiently at her uncle who was buying her ticket home. She disliked having to wait alone in places such as this. She took a seat and waited for him. Twenty minutes later he came with the ticket.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get you a roomette. You'll have to sleep in a berth and sit in the day coach," he said.

"But I've always had a roomette!" she replied indignantly.

"I'm sorry, but that was the best I could do," he answered.

Still annoyed, she followed her uncle, who was carrying her suitcases, to the train.

Once on the train Deborah relaxed. She was glad to be going home even if it was only back to high school. Beside her, an elderly woman busied herself by casting on stitches.

An hour later the train made a short stop. Here, a man of about thirty-five entered the car

and took the seat opposite her.

There was something odd about him. A few minutes later, Deborah realized what it was. He kept his hands in his pockets! The conductor came to take his ticket, and when the man handed it to him, Deborah's stomach turned. For, instead of a hand, at the end of his short stubby arm were two malformed fingers. He held the ticket between them. Deborah closed her eyes and tried to think of something else, but she could not.

"How horrible!" she thought. "That poor man must be all alone in the world. No one

could love anyone like that. Thank goodness I'm normal. I'd hate to be he."

As the train sped on its way, Deborah watched this man out of the corner of her eye. His other arm was tapered into two fingers too, but it also had a section of a thumb. He took a magazine out of the front of his jacket and Deborah marvelled at how expertly he turned the slippery pages. He took out a package of cigarettes, opened it, took one out, lit it and put the package away. These actions took him no longer than they would have taken anyone else. There was not the least sign of clumsiness.

When the porter came through their car and announced that dinner was ready, about eight people rose simultaneously to go to the dining car. When the man across the aisle rose also, Deborah sat down again. She could not bear to be near him. Several minutes after he had gone, she followed the others.

She was conscious of his presence as soon as she entered the car. She ate little for her appetite had gone.

She noticed that he ate with rapidity and dexterity. The porter hovered around him trying to be of assistance, but soon realized he was not needed.

That evening Deborah retired early. She wanted to get away from him.

She lay on her berth for hours. Her eyes would not close. "How I pity him! What an empty life he must lead! It must be awful to be so handicapped. I'm glad I'm not!"

She tossed restlessly, but continued to think of him. Finally the rhythmic click of the wheels put her to sleep.

Next day she spent the morning in the  $d \vartheta y$  coach. He was not there.

The train approached Edmonton near noon. She was anxious to get home. She wondered who would be there to meet her. She could see the familiar oil derricks clustered on the outskirts of the city. When the train began to slow down,

she hastily collected her belongings.

As she stepped down from the car she surveyed the station, looking for a familiar face, but failed to see one. On the platform she passed a young woman of about thirty and her two children. Their anxious faces examined every emerging passenger. Deborah was on her way into the building when she heard loud exclamations of joy from behind her. She turned and saw the man who had sat across from her in the arms of the anxious young woman. Tears of joy shone on her cheeks and the children danced up and down at their feet.

From behind her she heard a station attendant mention to another, "You'd think it was a famous

star they were meeting!"

Then over the loudspeaker came an announcement. "Will Miss Deborah Elgin please call at the information desk." When she did so, she was given a telegram reading, "I've been delayed at the hairdresser. Take a taxi. Mother."

BETTY NICHOL—Grade XI
Prize-winning Story—Senior Literary Competition

#### Water

Mr. Madison felt smug. That was a smart plan, to say the least, that he had thought up. It was strange, in fact, that no one else had thought of it. Mr. Madison planned to travel in a three-hundred-mile radius around San Francisco, finding all the water holes in that area, and buying the land around them. Then he could sit back and watch the settlers' money roll in when they paid "through the teeth" as he said, to drink his water. Mr. Madison had been making business ventures like this all his life. Since he had come to San Francisco, however, he had had no "deals", and so he had spent his time gambling. This "deal" was a good one, though, and would, he hoped, set him up for life. There was only one drawback—he had been travelling for a day and a half, he had no water with him, and not being used to travel in the desert, he could find none . . .

Hank Err was worried. He had been travelling for years—all his life as a matter of fact—and he had never seen a place like this before. All he could see and had seen for the past one and a half days was sand and stones; no cactus, no animals, just sand and stone. The last time he had eaten was the day he had stolen the bread from an "old dame's" place in New Mexico. He could barely walk. After all the things he had done, the robberies, the double crosses and especially the murders, it seemed ironic that he should die this way . . . alone in a desert. He

did not even have a gun, not his gun with the seventy-nine notches on the belt, or any one else's gun. To live such a wild, cruel life and then die alone amidst peace and quiet was terror to him. If he could get some water—any water—he could get out of this trap, but he could find none . . .

Frank Hawkins was happy and proud. His little wife and baby were beside him, and there he was, almost in San Francisco. They had come faithfully to him from Liverpool, and travelled with him all the way from Boston. Now they were in their "land of milk and honey". He wondered, though, why his wife had not asked for water. She must have known there was none left in the wagon, for she silently agreed with a smile when he said he was going to scout ahead to find the shortest route. Perhaps she knew he was really going for water. He should have told her, but it did not seem fair to worry her when they were almost at their destination. The thought of death he put out of his head, for surely God would not let that happen after all the distance they had travelled. He searched desperately for water, the love for his family pushing him on, but could find none . . .

There are many skeletons in the California desert, but three in particular. One is lying just outside the property of a wealthy grape-grower. It is lying, slightly covered by the sand, on the other side of a fence which surrounds the grape grower's swimming pool filled with water. The house is a product of wealth . . . just the type Mr. Madison might have liked had he lived in this century. Another skeleton can be found in the alley behind an old gambling hall in a ghost town. It was reputed to be the worst hall of its kind, and according to history, the citizens' committee came and closed the place, packed their belongings and left the place the way it stands today. Perhaps Hank would have enjoyed the hall . . . if he had lived. The third skeleton lies under the ground. It is covered with rich green grass and a headstone which reads, "Here lies Frank Hawkins, beloved husband of Martha Hawkins and beloved father of Mary, Jack, Robert, William and Judith Hawkins; beloved friend of the city of San Francisco. Here lies the type of man who will make the west a golden land of milk and honey. 1829-1880."

NANCY ANN EATON—Grade XII

#### A Nightmare

The Mayor's house stood high upon a cliff silhouetted against the moon. Inside, the fire reflected a golden hue on the walls and furniture, and on the dark face of a young girl, who was pensively gazing into its flames.

Restlessly, she moved to the window and looked down upon the beach with the waves

pounding on its shore. Around the bend the sail boat was waiting, and soon she and Graham would be climbing into it and moving out onto the waves.

They were going to the big city along the coast where they would be married. It had seemed a wonderfully exciting plan that afternoon, but now Catriona wondered as she sat alone.

Nervously she thumbed through a book, and soon she heard her father and mother turn out their lights. Hearing a low whistle outside, she jumped to the window.

Now she was on the porch roof, looking dubiously down at Graham's upturned face. A few moments of panic as her feet wavered in the air, and then she was on the ground beside him.

The darkness surrounded them as they made their way down the lonely cliff path. Catriona's heart began to thump wildly as she watched Graham prepare the boat.

"Come on, Cat," Graham called.
"Coming," she answered and the huskiness of her voice echoed against the cliffs.

Looking out to sea, she saw no encouragement. Ahead was a blank wall of fog which had been quietly creeping toward the shore, and soon the thick wet blanket would surround them.

Graham pushed the boat onto the waves and slipped in. The wind tugged at the sails and the further out they got, the fiercer the wind became.

The only sounds heard were the eerie lapping of the waves against the boat, and the wild flapping of the sails as the wind tore at them from all directions. Enclosed by the veil of fog, they were alone in this wet world.

Catriona sat wrapped in a heavy blanket and the wind whipped her long dark curls against her face. She looked at Graham. His face was pale but determined, as his eyes strained to see through the fog.

"HO-O-O-NK," loud and clear a fog horn resounded through the silence. Catriona could bear it no longer. "Let's go back, Graham, please," she cried, her voice sounding unnaturally loud in the silence. Graham started and he looked into Catriona's wild pleading eyes.

"But . . .

"Please, Graham," Catriona interrupted. Graham realized now why Catriona had been so quiet. At eighteen she was too young to leave her home. They would have to wait.

Catriona sat in a trance on the edge of the seat, and Graham silently steered the boat towards shore. The waves rose higher and higher until they seemed to lose their power and tossed themselves on the beach, as a tired wanderer might fling himself on the ground.

Graham helped Catriona out of the boat, pulled the boat onto the shore, and they made their way back up the path which they had come down only a few hours before. Catriona turned

to Graham and, "Graham, I'm sorry," she said, but her voice broke.

"It's all right, Catriona," he said. "It'll seem like a bad dream in the morning. Then things will go on as before. Don't worry."

Catriona nodded and gave a wan smile, the first attempt at cheerfulness that evening.

Graham helped her back onto the porch roof and she stepped into her room unnoticed.

The next morning Catriona's mother noticed how pale her daughter was, and told her she should stay in bed.

"You must have had a nightmare last night," she said. Catriona smiled to herself and looked out towards the sea. The opaque film which had frightened her last night had been blown away and the sea shimmered gloriously in the bright sunlight. The nightmare was finished.

DORA DEMPSTER—Grade X



WATCHING THE NEW BUILDING BETTY NICHOL and JUDITH KNIGHT

#### A Knock at Midnight

March eighteenth; the day started in the same way for Lieutenant Dave Macdonald as it had for the last twenty-five years. Dave got up at seven, dressed, went downstairs, and had breakfast. He left for the station at a quarter to eight. It took him fifteen minutes to walk to the station and he was there at eight o'clock. Dave, the head of the Devon Police Force for the last twenty-five years, was in his early fifties, but was as healthy as his nineteen-year-old son, Donald, who was away at University.

Dave worked as usual until five. He cleared his desk, put on his coat and hat, and left the station. When he arrived home, Mary, his wife, was waiting at the door for him. Her face was as white as a sheet for she had just heard on the radio that Johnny Horton had escaped from jail. Johnny was a young killer whom Dave had caught and put in prison three years earlier. Before he went to jail, Johnny had sworn that he would kill Dave.

Dave came in and sat down. He was too bewildered to say anything. He remembered all too clearly what had happened that day. It had

been a day just like any other. Dave was leaving the station for home when he received a call from a woman who had found the bodies of two girls. These two girls were Joan Gray and Sandra Watson. They had been coming home from school in Sandra's car, and now they were dead. A few hours later, Dave was told that the Devon National Bank had been robbed just a little while after the murder. These two incidents fitted together. Late that night the car was found abandoned.

The next day the car was tested for fingerprints and the ones they found belonged to Johnny Horton, a recent arrival in town. No one knew much about him and no one wanted to, except Dave. A few days later, he was found hiding in an old cabin by the lake. He was put on trial and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Dave kept asking himself how Johnny could have escaped. "How?" Dave just sat in his chair too stunned to speak. Mary brought him a drink to calm his nerves, and she finished preparing dinner.

During dinner, neither Dave nor Mary spoke, but they were both talking silently to themselves about the same thing. "Had Johnny broken out to get revenge on Dave?" "Would he strike at home or on Dave's way to work?"

Dave wondered, if Johnny tried to get him at home, whether he would kill Mary also. He hoped not, but he was not sure. He was not sure of anything that night.

After dinner they sat in the living room reading the paper. After fifteen minutes Dave stood up, looking very restless. He decided to be cautious. He went upstairs and locked the windows, and downstairs he locked both windows and doors.

By this time Mary was pacing the floor, too. Dave turned on the television and Mary picked up her knitting.

About ten o'clock they decided to go to bed. Mary went upstairs while Dave turned out the lights. He knew it was foolish, but he was scared. As he was walking up the stairs, he heard a crash. Thoughts quickly flashed through his head. "What should he do?" "Was it Johnny?"

Dave took his gun out of its case and carefully and quietly went downstairs. When he reached the living room, he switched on the lights. Sitting on the floor was their little French poodle who had just knocked over a vase.

Dave continued to go to bed, still feeling nervous after the last episode. He and Mary got into bed, but they could not sleep.

About midnight there came a loud knocking at the door. They both jumped. Dave put on his dressing-gown and got his gun. He crept down the dark stairs very slowly. He hesitated; then swiftly opened the door.

"Surprise, Dad!" said Donald with a smile.

SIGNY HANSEN-Grade XI

#### Seasons

Springing crocus
Mournful dove
Gleeful child in a muddy pool
Dusty sunset
Waking bough—
Spring is a growing time.

Sparkling white-caps
Pungent pine
Orange sun in a dazzling sky
Sunburnt faces
Laughing loons—
Summer's a lazy time.

Raucous blue jay
Goldenrod
Rich reward of the farmer's toil
Plopping raindrop
Dying leaves—
Autumn's a busy time.

Coal-eyed snowman
Holly wreath
Rabbit prints in a snowy field
Freezing fingers
Friendly fire—
WINTER'S a resting time.

NORA BAKER-Grade X

#### Courage

The Laurentians in Quebec are renowned as a skiers' paradise, and the white slopes were definitely being enjoyed on this January evening. The tiny flakes of powdered snow seemed to dance as they sparkled in the dim light of dusk.

Fifteen-year-old Carol Austin hurtled down the snake-like path on the black and niveous mountain side. Her graceful form indicated that she skied often and loved it.

She joined her smiling friend, Sheila Curtis, at the termination of the run. Then both set off down a second slope, whipping up clouds with each twist. Finally, they veered toward the soft light of two buildings nestled in a valley. This was Eagle Mount School for Girls.

They were greeted at the door by their plump, kind-hearted house-mother, Mrs. Lewis, who informed them that a girl had just arrived from Switzerland and was to share their room.

"Her name is Greta Helvitia, and she is extremely shy; so be kind to her," cautioned Mrs. Lewis. "Her father owns . . . ," she began

again, but was interrupted by the flustered little school nurse who bustled into the room muttering, "Oh dear! What a time for Sandra to sprain her ankle! She will never be able to ski at Lake Placid next weekend! Oh dear!"

Carol and Sheila groaned and slowly returned to their room. There, they were joined by Dale Phillips, the fourth member of their ski team, and they began to discuss Sandra's accident. No one gave a thought to delicate, blue-eyed Greta Helvitia who listened attentively and soon discovered that a ski team must be composed of four girls in order to be eligible for the Slalom Race at Lake Placid.

Greta was almost completely ignored by Dale, Carol, and Sheila during the next three days as they tried to find a fourth skier. The slalom run behind the school was excellent but it appeared cruelly steep and treacherously bumpy, and not many girls would even attempt it.

Although she was a brilliant student and laboured continuously to please everyone, there was something lacking in Greta's life at Eagle Mount. She did not converse with the other girls because her slight Swiss accent seemed to embarrass her. She did not partake in any school activities, but one evening when the girls had almost given up hope of skiing at Lake Placid, Greta approached Carol.

"I would like to help you," she stuttered. "I could be the fourth member of your team, if you would let me. My father is sending my skis, and they should arrive tomorrow."

The quiet simplicity of the girl made an impression on the bold Carol Austin, but she could not understand why such a shy, self-conscious creature could ever hint that she was worthy of being on the ski-team.

"We shall be practising on the slope tomorrow. Bring your skis over and we'll time you," she replied harshly.

Greta could not help hearing Dale and Sheila tittering behind her back, or seeing Carol's wink which seemed to say, "It will be comical to watch her anyway."

Greta's skis arrived just before the appointed time. The ski team was standing at the base of the slope and the red flags of the slalom course flapped in the breeze. Mrs. Lewis, standing with the girls, was the first to sight Greta at the summit of the hill. Carol signalled her to begin and started the timer.

Zigzagging between the poles, the Swiss girl made the slalom look easy. The snow flew up about her on all sides making her look like a spectre flying through the air. Each manoeuvre came naturally to her, and she soon passed the girls, her skis whirring merrily across the glistening powder. The ski team looked wide-eyed at the clock which proved that her time surpassed Sandra's best by fourteen seconds.

Sheila, Dale, and Carol ran to congratulate her. Mrs. Lewis smiled and felt glad that she had not told them that Greta's father owned a ski resort in Zermatt, Switzerland, and that Greta had had expert teaching in skiing all her life. It was better for Greta to overcome her shyness, and better for the other girls to learn that, just because a person does not boast does not mean she is not talented.

SUSAN RILEY-Grade IX

Prize-winning Story— Intermediate Literary Competition

#### **Pastimes**

Climbing rocky cliff-sides, Running home to tea, Walking over warm sands, Swimming in the sea, Swinging in the back yard, Sitting in a tree, Lying in the long grass— These appeal to me.

DORA DEMPSTER-Grade X

#### The Fugitive

"We interrupt this programme to give a special announcement. Joe Martin, an armed robber, escaped from Lyndale Penitentiary at five o'clock this morning. The man is twenty-one years of age; weight one hundred and fifty pounds; height five feet, nine inches; brown hair, gray eyes, and a scar on his right cheek. He was seen in a stolen car, racing toward the Muskoka resort country. Anyone having information . . ."

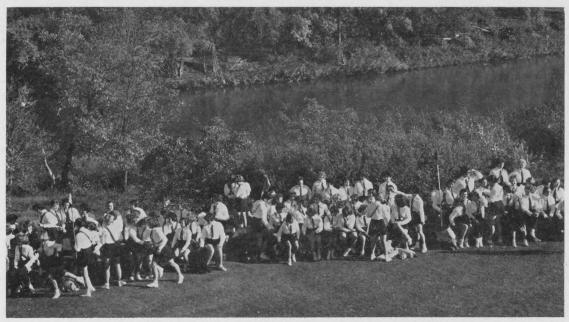
Joe snapped the car radio off angrily. This was getting on his nerves. Every car that followed behind him seemed suspicious. Finally all the cars but one turned off on different roads. This car was an old station wagon.

"No cop would drive an old crate like that," Joe told himself.

After a while Joe reached the outskirt of the village of Bala. Here he passed a few cottages and motels scattered amongst the trees along the shores of Long Lake. Tourists strolled along toward the village, enjoying the warm summer day. As he approached the centre of the village, he noticed the Provincial Police car. Were they watching for him? There was no time to find out. He turned sharply along a side road, and raced across the railroad tracks just in time to miss a long, slow, freight train.

"Well, that takes care of the police for a while," Joe muttered.

Only then did he notice the beauty around him. All colours of wild flowers carpeted the side of the road. Huge trees formed an arch overhead. Through the trees he saw the blue water of Moon River sparkling in the sunlight,



SPORTS DAY

and the white spray of the falls rising in the air. Then the chug of an old motor startled him. Again the old station wagon followed. He drew aside to let it pass and as it did so, he noticed a sign on the car: "Commandant—Gibson Reserve."

"Just an old Indian going home," Joe muttered with relief. He stopped the car and pulled a map out of his pocket. This had been given to him by a cell-mate at the Penitentiary. Tom was half Indian and knew the country well. The map showed where he could steal a boat, and the route up the river to a fisherman's shack that he could use for a hideout. He decided to abandon the car and walk to the cottage. Tom said the owners were there only at weekends and the boat would be at the dock. Tom had chopped wood for the people and knew their habits.

Joe hurried along the road and was happy to meet no one. Sure enough, there was the cottage Tom had described, and no one was in sight. He ran down to the dock, pulled the cover off the motor, started it, and drove up the river at full speed.

It was a beautiful calm day and the peace was broken only by the roar of the powerful motor. A proud sea gull flew overhead and shrieked in his best manner, but Joe, driving the boat furiously, did not even bother to look up. He kept up the speed until he had passed all the cottages on the river. He now saw the beauty that Tom had described. He wondered how the tall majestic trees could grow out of the great bare rocks.

He slowed the boat and looked for a place to land. The river narrowed, and the current

became swift. He passed through a channel which had been cut through the rocks, and found a place to land. He felt that he must be near the shack now. There seemed to be a trail through the woods. He followed it, hastening silently along the blanket of pine needles. Then he noticed a very old unpainted cabin which looked deserted. He opened the door slowly. Standing quietly with a gun in his hand was the old Indian he had seen in the station wagon.

He smiled, "Been expecting you, Joe. Figured that nephew of mine, Tom, would send you here."

"What have you got a gun for, old man?" Joe snickered.

The old Indian was smiling no longer. "I am chief here, young man. The police will be along in a minute."

JESSICA RATTRAY—Grade VIII

#### A Winter Scene

The field was covered with a blanket of snow; The sun had gone down with a last red glow, And all was still.

Then suddenly the silence was gone,
As across the snow leapt a doe and fawn.
They were breathing hard and their eyes showed
fear.

And they bounded away in wild career, And all was still.

Then there suddenly came an eerie howl, And shadowy wolves began to prowl. We heard a scream, and nothing more, And all was still.

MARGARET BERRY—Grade VIII

#### A New Day

The moon has left a silver trail Across the midnight sky. The stars are quickly growing dim Now that the dawn is nigh.

Then gradually the stars grow dim And seem to take their flight, In other distant lands to shine—
The watchers of the night.

And now the sun is springing up, A glory in the east. As though it had been fastened there Then suddenly released.

Then birds begin to sing their songs, And trees begin to sway; For they are now all heralding God's gift—a brand new day!

BRENDA SIMMIE—Grade IX

Prize-winning Poem— Intermediate Literary Competition

#### **Unexpected Visitor**

The wind seemed to assault the trees on the boulevard. The base of the houses seemed to be torn apart by the onrushing violence. The hailstones tapped against the window pane and fell on the ground like beads of a broken necklace. Sandy Anderson tried to read to forget the wild storm. The reckless wind howled through the fireplace and made her shudder.

Although she had a sweater on and a woollen blanket around her legs, her blood seemed to freeze within her veins. The swaying limbs of the trees outside made shadows on the wall which moved like dancing monsters, making Sandy cringe with fear. She heard a noise and raced to the window to see what it was. It was only the neighbour's cat mewing pitifully at its misfortune in being left out in the rain. She went back and sank down on the sofa, wrapped the blanket more firmly around her legs, and settled down to read. Wild monsters with orange faces and green hair kept creeping through her mind. The book she was reading had gradually lost its interest ever since her parents went out.

Impatiently she slammed the book closed and threw it into the darkness of the corner. Her dog was lying in that unfortunate corner and yelped at being maltreated in that way. Sandy fairly flew to the unlucky spot to seek forgiveness from her playfellow. He wagged his tail furiously and licked her hand sympathetically. With a reassuring pat, Sandy sauntered out to the

kitchen and left him to his nap. Silently, she ransacked the cupboards and made the most mouth-watering jam sandwich imaginable.

Just as she was sinking her teeth into a sweet, moist flood of jam and bread, she heard a gentle knock on the door. With her mouth full, she muttered that it was completely her imagination. A few moments later, a second knock was heard, but this time more impatient and abrupt. The knife she was holding clattered to the floor. An icy hand seemed to clutch the pit of her stomach. More monsters drifted and danced through her mind. Cautiously she picked up a metal tray which was lying near her shaking hand. She crept silently to the door. Her dog whined and whimpered as if in fear for his mistress's safety.

On the way to the door she glanced at her face in a mirror. It looked like a fresh bank of snow. She swallowed uncomfortably when she heard the knock again. She slowly directed her shaking hand to the doorknob. She found courage and flung open the door, ready to hit the unlucky night-caller over the head with the tray.

The tray slid from her hands.

"Through wind and rain I come!" proclaimed the visitor, "to help you with the mathematics you had trouble with this morning," laughingly ended Sandy's friend, Judy, as she stepped inside.

PAMELLA KAYSER—Grade VIII

ONE HOUR DONE, FIVE TO GO!



SUZANNE EVANS-GRADE XI

#### The Great Moment

Amak was now seventeen and had reached manhood according to the ways of the Eskimos. Tomorrow he would start off on his first seal hunt unaccompanied by his father. When he returned, he would marry Toushi, the girl with whom he had been paired since her birth. His

father, Oupec, had given him a team of dogs, and for the past two weeks he had been making a komatic.

The next morning before sunrise Amak donned his two deerskin outfits, iced his komatic runner, hitched up his dogs, loaded his komatic, and left. Very soon the family igloo disappeared and all was quiet except for the sound of the komatic sliding over the crispy snow. He set a few traps, for a few fox furs meant much tea and flour at the trading post.

Later that day Ouk, the lead dog, smelled a seal's breathing hole under the snow. Amak waited and after about twenty-five minutes a seal poked its nose up through the hole. Quicker than lightning, Amak had shot it and was hauling it onto the ice. First he skinned it, then gave some meat to the dogs, ate some himself, and loaded the remainder on the komatic.

Hunting went very well, and when Amak finally had all the meat and skins and foxes his komatic could hold, he turned toward the direction where the sun rose, for that was the way home. On the second day of his journey home he spotted Pauka's komatic. After a few miles of travelling together, Pauka, the more experienced hunter, suggested they take the shorter route over land.

The last day of their travel was nearing, and it was already dusk when Pauka just slipped from view. Amak looked behind him where Pauka had been travelling and he was no longer there. Panic swept Amak's mind.

Then he heard a faint cry and rushed in its direction. There he saw Pauka hanging onto some jutting ice in a hidden crevice. Pauka's dogs and komatic were no longer to be seen. Amak quickly took his dogs' harnesses, made of strong sealskin, lowered them into the crevice, and hauled Pauka to safety.

When they arrived at the village, Amak was a hero for he had saved the son of the agnako, or witch doctor. A black curse would hover over the village if anything were to happen to the eldest son of the witch doctor. This was the greatest moment in Amak's life. Later that evening in the igloo, Amak's parents proudly watched him rub noses with Toushi.

LILY SWAFFIELD-Grade IX

#### It's All Over So Quickly

It is Sunday night. Jan has all her homework done for Monday. Her clothes are laid out, and she knows exactly what she is going to wear to school in the morning. It is a warm spring evening, almost ten o'clock.

"Time for bed now, Jan," her mother called from the top of the basement stairs. That was a phrase Jan used to hate the sound of, but now it was different. Sleep was a friend. One could just slip into a nice warm bed and forget all problems and troubles. Sleep was another world for Jan.

Jan slowly dragged herself up to her bedroom. "Sleeping is so nice," she mused. "It's too bad I can't be awake to enjoy it."

She stood up and threw her nightgown over her head, letting the cool silk float down.

Jan went into the bathroom and shut the door. She leaned on the sink and gazed into the mirror. A young girl with blonde hair and freckles stared back at her. They both washed and brushed their hair.

Then Jan went back to her bedroom alone. She jumped into her bed, and cuddled down, pulling the covers around her neck. She curled up like a squirrel to get warm. Then she relaxed with one arm around Wuzzie, the big furry dog that her brother, Mark, had given her last Christmas.

"Mark's a nice brother," she said to herself. "I'm lucky to have an older brother. When I get married all my children are going to have -yawn-older brothers.'

"Jan! Wake up, Lazy! It's after eight o'clock," called Mark, her dear brother, right in her ear. "Impossible," muttered Jan. But Mark was opening the curtains and the bright morning sun leaped upon her and told her it was really morning.

She sat up on her bed, rubbing her eyes. "It's not fair," mumbled Jan. "It's all over so quickly!" She glared at Mark. "Murderer of sleep!"

"What?" questioned Mark.

"Never mind! You wouldn't understand."
Mark walked out of the room. Jan smiled.
"That's why it's so nice! It's all over so quickly!"

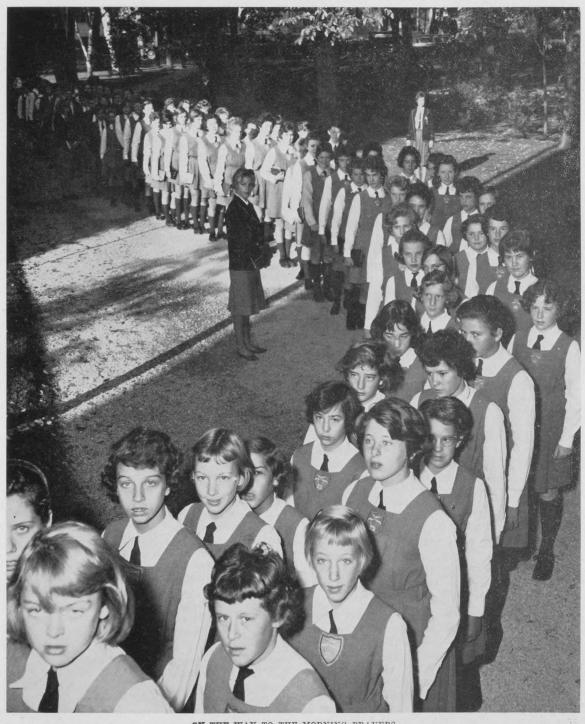
JILL PLAXTON—Grade IX

#### A Winter Day

A few brave cars Crept on the glassy lanes, while Frosted figures Plodded along the treacherous walks.

The bright, cold sun
Shone on the brick buildings, while
Shadows of the bare-limbed trees
Stretched their netted fingers across the window
panes.

Across the crusted snow Skimmed a newspaper page. But, cars and people Passed without seeing the Beauty in common things.



ON THE WAY TO THE MORNING PRAYERS

#### The Hunt

Dashing across the meadows,
Galloping up the hills,
Flying over the fences,
Leaping over the rills:
Mounted on a hunter,
Ebony, black, or gray,
While up ahead the hounds run free
To bring the fox to bay.
Then, suddenly, the well-bred dogs
Burst into frenzied song;
They've seen the fox amongst the trees—
The final chase is on.

Up and over the walls we go,
We clear the logs with ease,
Drawing ever closer to
The fox amongst the trees.
He comes to the edge of the woodland
And darts into the field.
The hounds go dashing after him
But still he does not yield.
Closer and closer we come to our goal,
The horses are breathing fast,
A few more yards—the hounds close in;
The hunt has ended at last.

KATHRYN NEILSON—Grade VII

#### Too Busy

In a secluded room of Flat H in the Queen Joan Hospital, there is now an empty bed. But, it was not empty twelve years ago. No, in it was a tall, fair, muscular boy of eighteen. Before he entered the hospital, he had been president of the student Council, captain of the Basketball team, and an excellent student in his college. He had loved life, and had always "counted his blessings."

One morning, he had had a stiff neck and the next day he had sore legs. Two days later the doctor came and made the shocking diagnosis that Bob had "polio". Within an hour, Bob was in the basnital

At first, he was sent many presents, received piles of letters, and there were numerous visitors to cheer him. Then, suddenly, there were no more letters or presents or visitors. Everyone seemed to forget about Bob Vickers.

One day, Bob's mother ran into the room saying, "Bob, your father has been offered a wonderful job in England. You can be transferred to a hospital over there and we shall all be together!" Next day, Bob's nurse packed for him and he was looking forward eagerly to the journey. But, it was all too good to be true. The doctor claimed that Bob could not manage the journey across the ocean and Bob was to stay at home.

Two months later, his parents left, promising to visit him the following summer. But when summer came, all that Bob received was a postcard saying, "Sorry, dear, Father cannot leave his business." That was the last news that Bob ever heard from his parents. He supposed that they thought that now that he was twenty five, he needed no friends or help. His parents were just "too busy."

Now Bob's hair was a dark blond. He was no longer muscular, but "skinny". He no longer had his deep tan, but was lily white. Bob was in the hospital for twelve years. During the last five years he had not one visitor, not one letter, and not one gift. He spent his thirtieth Christmas alone, staring out of his solitary window. He never felt sorry for himself nor felt any hatred for anyone. He died that night, so quietly, in his sleep. He had no mourners at his burial. Not even his nurses in the hospital came to his burial. Everyone was "too busy".

MADELEINE MURRAY—Grade IX

#### Kidnapped

(Entry in Library Quiz Book-Title Contest)

One fine day, twenty years after the young voyageur climbed the thornapple tree, Renny's daughter Rebecca, a girl of the limberlost, and Mary Anne were kidnapped and taken through the far forest to Treasure Island. The merry men of Iceland, Adam Bede, and Silas Marner, set out in the little ark from Rowan Farm, followed a light in the forest beyond the black stump to rescue the little women.

The King's general, Mrs. Miniver, and her horse Speedy, also went to join the wagons rolling north. By chance, the eight cousins saw the shadows on the rock. This led them to the Lake of Gold and The Magic Garden where they found the Black Rose. After ten years, they found a village in a valley where the kidnapped girls were spending their seventeenth summer. They held their white banners on the long ride home from this little world. They returned with the crescent moon to the good wives at the professor's house on Green Dolphin Street inside Asia.

JUDITH KNIGHT-Grade XI

#### Snow

Snow, snow, beautiful snow.
In the moonlight—how you glow!
You look like silver stars
When you fall upon the cars.
When you fall upon the ground,
The wind does! blow you! round and round.

GERTRUDE TODD—Grade III

#### Mon Chien

C'est un gros chien noir, Il est toujours bien aimable, Il dort sur mon lit le soir. Et pour me plaire, il fait tout son possible.

En été, il a toujours chaud, Et dans l'eau, souvent, il joue. Mais à mes yeux, il est beau, Et moi, je l'aime beaucoup.

Quand il tire un traîneau, Il travaille bien fort. Il ne dit jamais un mot, Et après, il s'endort.

MADELEINE MURRAY—Grade IX

#### The Caterpillar Couldn't Count

Caterpillar couldn't count
All the steps up to the mount;
He went so high
He reached the sky
And didn't come down till he learned to fly.

MARTHA PENNOCK-Grade III

#### The Lonely Crusader

(Entry in Library Contest Book-Title Contest)

Jane Eyre, the tenant of Wilfell Hall, decided that because of the great expectations of her uncle, Silas Marner, she and her counsins, David Copperfield and Oliver Twist, would visit him. They took the thirty-nine steps up Gentian Hill ending at the door to the north side of the old curiosity shop and went along the northwest passage till they reached his office. He welcomed them and said. "Let me tell you something of myself. My brother Jonathan and I felt the call of the wild when young, and spent seven years in Tibet where we met a man who told us always to reach for the sky. The stranger was the man from St. Malo who, by his own might, became the little minister who assured the pilgrims' progress in America. He gave me the yellow hat you see beside that painting of towers in the mist. We followed his advice and formed the "White Company". I am now the "last of the Mohicans" in the business, and want you to succeed me as I have no sons and Jon was kidnapped, became a Prisoner of Zenda, and later was lost in the cruel

Old Silas' undecided heart was quieted by this meeting and in his long will he left the business to his nephews.

Twenty years after, when the shadows on the rock lengthened, and the wind in the willows began to die down, they still talked of their beloved uncle.

NORA BAKER- Grade X

#### Her Valentine

Grandmother sat in her old arm chair, Her thoughts were far away; She thought of the time long years ago— One special Valentine's day.

'Twas thirty years ago or so That unforgotten day, As sitting in the same old chair She'd heard a wee one say:

"This is for you, my Mommy dear, I made it all myself,"
And handed her a Valentine
Worth more to her than wealth.

Her thoughts returned to the present day As footsteps, light, drew near. "That must be little June," thought Gran, As the steps became quite clear.

Then up to Gran came a child so fair And said in her shy, sweet way, "This is for you, from me, Gran dear, You know, this is Valentine's day."

BRENDA SIMMIE-Grade IX

#### Knight in Blue-Jeans

Thomas Buckerdown was very happy. He was going to be dubbed a knight! Then he would ride with all the other knights before the queen. His wife and children whose names were Bonnie, Jack and Pip were very excited also. Pip helped him shine the armour till it sparkled. He was almost more excited than Tom.

It was the day before the dubbing ceremony. Pip went down where the sparkling armour hung. When Crash! It feel to the floor. Pip ran upstairs crying. He told his mother about the tragedy. They both went downstairs to look at the armour. It had a big dent in it! His mother told Pip to go to a tin-smith to see if he could get the dent out.

When Tom came in, he looked for the armour. "Where's my armour?" he thundered. "Pip accidentally dropped it," his wife said. Very late Pip crept in. When his father came in in the morning Pip hid under the bed. "Come out from under there," Tom yelled. Pip came out. "Where's the armour?" called Tom. "I hid it," said Pip. Tom started spanking Pip but he would not give in. "Bonnie, Jack, find my armour," Tom called. Soon they came back without finding a trace of the armour. "Well, dear, you'll have to go," his wife said. "What can I go in?" he asked. "You'll have to go in your blue-jeans," his wife told him. "I can't," he said, but he knew he had to.

So off he went in blue-jeans. When the queen saw him she thought it was the most original outfit she had ever seen. She said that from then on every time a knight was going to be dubbed he would wear blue-jeans and would receive a new set of armour.

DEBORAH DICKSON-Grade V

#### The Witch

The witch is very sly and mean And she rides on a broom at night. She has never really been seen—She flies at a terrific height.

On Hallowe'en nights She mixes some brew. Which frightens the folks When she says boo-boo-boo.

If you see this witch ever It will give you a fright Specially if you see her In the middle of the night.

DEBORAH FERGUSON—Grade IV



RETURNING FROM GYMNASTICS

#### Skating

I like to skate,
But
I don't like to wait
For Winter to come,
When I can have fun.

I like to skate
But
I don't like to wait,
For the rink to be filled.
When it is, I am thrilled—

For then I can skate, And not have to wait.

DEBORAH RILEY-Grade IV

#### A Knock at Midnight

Once upon a time there was an old, old house at the edge of Bridge Street. Nobody cared for it. There it stood shabby and bedraggled.

Then one day a family moved in. In the family there was a little girl with a freekled nose and her little Scottish Terrier whose name was Laddie. The girl's name was Gertie Changer.

At night Gertie went to sleep with Laddie by her side. Then a loud knock was heard at the front door. It woke Gertie and Laddie with a start.

She put on her little pink housecoat and slippers and with Laddie she crept to the front door and opened it. As she did, something flew in, but she couldn't make out what it was for it was so dark and dull for it was midnight. It went around crying "Peo, peo, peo!" Laddie ran after it. Gertie ran to turn the light on to see what it was. It was lucky for Gertie that when she turned on the light the flying thing flew around so that she could see what it was. It was a golden bird. And at that time that kind of bird would give good luck to everyone.

So it all ended up that Gertie tamed the bird. They all lived happily ever after.

BEVERLY KNIGHT-Grade III

#### Winter

Winter is a jolly time
With lots of ice and snow,
And children romping all about
With rosy cheeks aglow.

When stormy winds are blowing
And darkness fills the sky,
It's fun to sit around the hearth
And watch the flames leap high.

PATRICIA SPARROW—Grade V



#### The Ugly Bug

One day Blackie went for a walk. Then he met a bird. The bird said, "I want you for my dinner." "How shall I get there?" said Blackie. The bird said, "Hop on my back, then I will take you for a ride to my house. Then I will get my pan out, and put some grease in it." The bird decided he would not eat Blackie because he was too ugly, and so the bird said, "I want you to go home and I will take you home on my back."

Susan Daniels—Grade I

#### The Snowman's Adventure

One day a snowman went walking. He had never seen the world and he wanted to know what it looked like. Soon he was lost and very frightened. Then he met a bear and the bear wanted to know where the snowman was going, but the snowman wouldn't tell. Then he walked away. On the other side of a hill he saw a tiger. He was frightened of the tiger but the tiger was frightened of the snowman and ran away. The poor snowman did not look where he was walking and fell down a snow bank and that was the end of the poor snowman's adventures.

HELEN HAY-Grade II

#### Popcorn

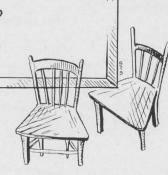
Popcorn's very good to eat No matter where you are— At the show and on the train Or even in a car.

Debbie Griffiths—Grade II

#### The Frog

Said a frog in a pond To a bird in a tree, "Don't you wish, That you were me?"

"No," said the bird;
"Oh no by far.
Then I'd be frognapped,
And put in a jar."
BEVERLEY KNIGHT—Grade III



#### My Kitty

My kitty has a pretty face She cannot talk but she can race. I think it must be lots of fun To purr and sleep in the hot sun.

ELIZABETH HAWORTH—Grade II

#### The Grousy Mouse

Once there was a grousy mouse.

Who lived in a little house.

He went to bed at half past eight

And yet he always woke up late,

Once there was a grousy mouse,
Who lived in a little house.
He went to bed at half past nine;
And woke up when the sun did shine.

Once there was a grousy mouse, Who lived in a little house. He went to bed at half past ten, And he never woke up again.

NANCY CULVER—Grade IV

#### A Knock at Midnight

Once there was a family called the Campbells. They lived in a large house next to a park. They had two children.

One snowy midnight there was a knock on the door. Mr. Campbell got up and answered the door, but there was nobody there.

It soon became morning. Later Mr. Campbell walked out of the house on his way to work. He looked down at the snow but he could see no footprints. He wondered who it was that had knocked last night.

Mrs. Campbell put some pillow cases out on the line. Six hours later it became midnight. A ghost flew in the children's window. They woke up and screamed for their parents. Mr. Campbell ran out of his room and straight into the children's room. The scream had scared the ghost away. As the ghost flew away, one of Mrs. Campbell's pillow cases blew off the ghost's body. They found it had been a bat. The children were never afraid of ghosts after that.

LORRAINE MURRAY—Grade III

#### My Dreams

Once I dreamed I was a queen, So beautiful and fair, And had a crown of purest gold, Upon my silver hair.

Once I dreamed I was a witch, Getting into trouble; Then for the queen I did something bad And my punishment was double.

Once I dreamed I was myself, Sailing over the sea And when I woke up from my dream I was glad I was just ME.

CAROLYN RICHARDSON—Grade IV

#### Miss Poppet's Magic Shoes

Once upon a time there was a little old woman who lived in a lovely little cottage near a high hill and a little brook. This little old woman's name was Miss Poppet. She was a very kind old woman, and all the children who lived in the town liked her very much.

Miss Poppet's favourite belonging was a pair of shoes. But these shoes weren't ordinary shoes.

They were magic shoes. They were a pair of shiny black shoes with golden buckles.

The next day she decided that she wanted to go to California. So after lunch she started to go to the station. Of course she was wearing her magic shoes.

It was dark when Miss Poppet arrived at the house she had rented. It was a lovely big house at the edge of the town. Soon she decided to go to bed. In the morning the house looked so empty and felt so lonely that Miss Poppet wished she had a family to take care of.

Now every day she wished with her magic shoes on that she could become married some time soon. One day it actually happened. She had found a nice man who would be a nice father too.

A week later Miss Poppet and her going-to-be husband Mr. Parker were married. What a day! There was cake, cookies, drinks, and lots of other good things to eat. They had a splendid time. They were both very happy.

Then Mrs. Parker went down to the place where the children who have no fathers or mothers stayed. Finally she saw twin girls she wanted. Then she took them with her.

One day Mrs. Parker sat down in her rocking chair beside the fire and sighed happily. "I am so happy here with a husband and two lovely children in this cosy cottage."

CLAIRE ROULSTON—Grade IV

#### A Pair of Old Shoes

I am a pair of old shoes sitting alone on a deserted road and this is the story of my life.

When I was first made I found myself in a big factory with many other pairs of shoes. The



IN THE NURSERY SCHOOL

people in the factory polished me. Then I was put onto a big truck with many other pairs of shoes and hauled off to a shoe store. The man in the store put me on a shelf. I sat on the shelf for about two days and then the man brought me down and showed me to a young well-dressed man. The man tried me on, said something to the store owner and then gave him some money. I was given to him. He took me to his beautiful home and then I was taken out of my box. He carefully slipped me on and out we went.

From then on I led a busy and exciting life. My owner and I went to parties, dances, symphonies and to many other exciting places. Every night when we came home, my owner's valet would polish me and lay me in the closet with the other pairs of shoes. This went on for many months but gradually newer shoes took my place. It was very lonely sitting there all day.

One day I heard a knock at the door. The butler answered it and there stood a family of gypsies begging. The butler gathered up some food and clothing for them. I was handed to them along with other things. They thanked the butler and were on their way back to their caravan.

I was amazed to see the difference between a gypsy's life and the life of my first owner. When I was first new and shiny I did nothing but have fun. But now I walked for long hours on a dusty road. At night there was no valet to polish me.

I finally began to realize that I was needed much more in this life. My owner did not have many pairs of shoes. He had only one pair and that was me. When I was finally too old and worn out to be repaired, I was left behind on a deserted road and here I sit alone.

PATRICIA SPARROW—Grade V

#### Our School

B is for the building we hope to get one day

A is for all the girls—the good, the bad, the gay

L is for the learning we do each day at school

M is for Miss Murrell-Wright who over us does rule

O is for opportunity when we try to do our best

R is for recess when we do both play and rest

A is for the apple in my lunch pail every day

L is for Miss Lucas who has no time to play.

H is for the house that was red in every way

A is for the antenna on the bee we studied today

L is for the library in the junior school

L is also for Lundi that begins the week as a rule.

JANE FERGUSON—Grade V

#### The Grousy Mouse

Once upon a time there was a little gray mouse. He lived in a dark hole under the boards of a house. This night it happened that upstairs they were having cheese for dinner. The maid was away and so the cheese was left out. The mouse crept up to the dining-room. "Nothing nice in this house," he thought. "The meals aren't nice and the worst of all, they never have the cheese I like. They are getting a cat with bright green eyes—cruel things! I'll be caught probably."

He stayed in his hole all day. He got very tired of it and he wished the cat would not bother him all the time. "Nothing right in this world," he groused. And so he lived a very lonely life.

MADELEINE WILLIAMS—Grade II



GRADES TWO AND THREE



FREE PLAY IN THE KINDERGARTEN

#### Ambition

A famous painter I want to be, With a tremendous gallery for all to see, My oils will be of the finest hues, And water colours of gayest blues. My fame will spread both far and wide; People will rush to be at my side.

Van Gogh was just such a painter, they say, But something puzzles me to this day, Why, oh why, did they wait till he's dead, Before the account of his fame was spread!

CATHERINE HAMILTON—Grade VI

#### The Caterpillar Couldn't Count

The caterpillar was very happy one morning as he walked through the forest. He met a lot of friends and chatted with them. Everyone was saying the same thing, "Are you going to the match?" The caterpillar said he didn't know. He asked the bee what events there would be. The bee replied, "Spelling, Shooting, and Counting." He thanked the bee and started home.

When he arrived he looked in his encyclopaedia for counting. He found it didn't help him. The caterpillar thought he had better go to counting school because he couldn't count. He had been there three weeks and only learned to count to five. Caterpillar didn't know what to do when the phone rang. It was Mrs. Bunny who said she had new babies and didn't know how many there were. Caterpillar grabbed his hat and ran out. He was half way there when he remembered he couldn't count. He couldn't disappoint Mrs. Bunny so he kept going. He went into Mrs. Bunny's house and saw the babies. He started counting. One, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. "Mrs. Bunny," the caterpillar announced, "you have fifteen babies." And do you know who won the counting match? That's right! Mr. Caterpillar.

DEBORAH DICKSON-Grade V

#### The Snowman's Adventure

Once upon a time there was a snowman who wanted to be alive. A fairy heard him and said magic words, and then the snowman was alive. He turned around and saw the fairy and thanked her.

Then when no one was looking he went to the Ice Capades and went on the ice unknown to everybody. He was very very funny and became the star of the year. He became so proud of himself that he was mean to everybody. One day the good fairy came and saw he was being mean. Once again she said magic words and he was a plain old snowman standing in the garden.

MARTHA PENNOCK—Grade III

#### Wind

Wind is a form of rushing air,
It doesn't seem to have a care.
It blows through trees and over things,
It blows so hard, birds rest their wings.
It blows your hair into your eyes.
Yet sometimes—how still it lies!
There are many things that wind can do,
I am fond wind, aren't you?

DENISE ROULSTON—Grade VI

#### The Races

There were thousands of faces
At the races—
The horses were going
At all different paces.

The horses were wearing,
Ribbons and laces
And bridles and saddles—
It's fun at the races.

PAMELA RICHARDSON—Grade IV

#### The Baby Carriage

I write this in my cell, over my meal of dry bread and water. This is the story of how I made my life exciting.

I was a very bored bachelor with a lot of money. I had everything a man of my standing would want. But the only thing that amused me in the least was a book by the name of "How to Rob a Bank."

One day I thought it over. It wasn't the money I needed. It was the thrill. Of course if I let anyone in on it I wouldn't get all the glory. So I set to work. I bought a baby carriage and a big doll. I also learned the time the corner bank opened, and the day I was going to rob it. Yes, I was going to rob the bank! The date, July 2nd; time, ten o'clock. Everything was set. I couldn't wait.

Next morning I woke up at 7.15 and got everything ready. I put the doll on one side of the carriage and covered her with a blanket. At exactly a quarter to ten I started out and arrived at the bank at two minutes to ten. I waited until the manager came and opened the door, then I followed him in. I went to the wicket and handed the teller a note reading, "Hand over all the money in the bank. This is a HOLD UP. I have a gun on you." Everything went well until I started out of the bank and saw two policemen. I was looking at them and tripped down the steps of the bank, and carriage, doll and money all went flying out. The alarm was rung!

That is why I am now in this awkward position.

But if someone else is reading "How to Rob a Bank" I have a very important rule for him that the book left out. Always watch where you are going when robbing a bank, or better still, burn the book and abandon the idea.

LYNNE CATLEY-Grade VI

#### If I Could Change Places

If I could change places with Jane, I would have a very good brain; If I could change places with Jean, I would be quite serene; If I could change places with Cathy, I would be exceedingly happy; But I honestly like to be, Really just like me.

VICKI GRIFFITHS-Grade VI

#### Number Three York Avenue

There once was a mysterious man who owned a house in New York at No. 3 York Avenue. He had been left the house by an old friend but at first he didn't want the house. He said anybody could have whatever they wanted out of it and everything was taken.

One day the old man, named Mr. Confuser, came to the house. He moved in and never came out. His neighbours couldn't understand how if he didn't come out of his house he got food and clothing!

One day a family moved in next door to the old man. They had a little girl named Violet. She was a very kind and gentle but brave little girl. This bravery led to disaster as you will see.

One day Violet was walking past the old man's house and she too began to wonder why he never



READING IN GRADE ONE

came out. Of course everyone in the whole city was afraid to go near the old man, but not Violet. She went very boldly up to the door and knocked. When she didn't get an answer she just walked in. She didn't see anybody so she went upstairs. There sitting in a great armchair was the old man himself.

"What are you doing in my house?" he boomed.

"I j-just c-came t-to see why y-you n-never came out of y-your house," she quavered.

"What I do in my house is my business," he roared. Feeling a little braver, Violet asked, "Why don't you ever come out of your house?"

"Because I don't like people," he said quieting down a little bit, "and you had better go before I lose my temper, but please come back tomorrow." Not wanting Mr. Confuser to lose his temper again, Violet left after she had promised to come back again.

The next day Violet went again to Mr. Confuser's house. When she knocked, the door was opened very quickly, and there before Violet stood a young handsome man, not the old man she had expected.

"Hello, Violet. Won't you please come in?" he asked. Violet could hardly believe her eyes.

"I'll explain everything," he said.

"Please do," replied Violet, feeling very astonished.

"You see," began Mr. Confuser who had really confused Violet. "I was under the spell of a fairy who was the fairy of "Kindness to Animals". I was not very kind to animals so she put me under this spell. To break this spell somebody had to ask me why I never left my house. When you did, I was overjoyed."

BARBARA REEVE-Grade V

#### Things We Think We Know

Hunger's a thing we think we know. We think we're cold when we're in snow; But think of some of the poor Chinese, Who starve all day and nightly freeze.

They live in shacks while we in houses, They wear sacks, and we wear blouses; We think we know so many things, But not how cold and hunger stings.

CATHERINE PENNOCK—Grade VI

#### Riches

If I had the riches of silver and gold I'd be a knight all handsome and bold I'd always be young—I'd never grow old If I had the riches of silver and gold.

BARBARA BLICK—Grade V



JUNIORS AT PLAY

#### The Ugly Bug

Little George the ugly bug,
Cried all day on the big green rug.
He was green and purple and pink and red;
To make it worse he was thin as a thread.
He was supposed to dine at a quarter to nine,
With a pretty butterfly named Clementine.

The poor old bug he started off,

He was sure the other bugs would scoff.
But the other bugs were so proud,

They started to cheer and sing out loud.
So who should be dancing at a quarter to nine,

With the pretty butterfly named Clementine?
But the rainbow bug as they called him then,

Who never would be sad again.

DEBORAH DICKSON—Grade V

#### The Stream

Swiftly, tumbling down the hill, Whirling, twirling, never still. In the valleys deep and wide, All around the countryside. Ever rolling on its way, Through the night and through the day. Sometimes slow and sometimes fast, Till it reaches the sea at last.

SUSAN MAJURY-Grade VI



#### Perky Remembers

The whole Carter family was assembled by their car, ready to start their yearly trip to Sunset Lodge, a ski resort in the nearby mountains. Twelve-year-old Patty and her twin brother Peter, were rushing about, doing last minute jobs, and becoming more and more excited. Although they both loved many sports, their favourite was skiing, and Christmas holidays at Sunset Lodge was looked forward to most.

Mr. Carter, an athletic man from whom the children had inherited their love of skiing, packed the skis into the car, and Mrs. Carter climbed into the seat. The children hopped in and they were off.

Just before they reached the lodge, Patty, her usual gaiety gone for a moment, remarked, "I wonder what happened to that little deer we found and cared for last year."

"Wouldn't it be fun if we could find him again," added Peter.

"He would probably never remember you if we did find him," was Mr. Carter's comment.

"I see the lodge!" cried Mrs. Carter and the subject of Perky, the deer, was dropped for the time being.

Since it was still daylight, the children were allowed to go skiing. When they reached the top of a mountain, Peter decided to go down the steeper and more difficult side. Patty, who was not to be bettered by her brother, started down ten minutes after Peter had left. She was about three quarters of the way down the hill when she rounded a corner and saw a log, half-buried in the snow directly in her path. She saw that it was too late to swerve or even stop herself by falling. She closed her eyes tightly and braced herself for the fall. A few minutes later she opened her eyes and slowly sat up. She found herself none the worse, but noticed with dismay that one of her skis was broken. Patty finally decided to try to get back to the lodge while it was still light.

She was nearly at the bottom when it started to snow, slowly at first, and then faster and more thickly. Soon the whole forest seemed to be engulfed in a whirling white cloud. Patty made her way through the waist-deep snow to a small group or birch trees where she huddled, trying to keep warm.

She did not know how long she had been there when she awoke to a silent cold world of black and white. Suddenly, one of the black shadows began creeping towards her. She tried to swallow the lump of fear which had risen in her throat and reached for a nearby stick. Just as she picked it up a small deer walked into the trees. He did not show any sign of fear, but came towards her curiously. As he drew nearer,

Patty noticed something familiar about him. Then, she was sure that he was Perky the orphaned fawn they had taken care of.

Suddenly, she thought of a way to get back to the lodge. "It will all depend on how good your memory is," she told the little deer as she tore a piece of bark off a nearby tree. "You remember how you used to take messages back to the lodge for us when we went on hikes, don't you?" she went on, as she took a match from the metal container she always took on trips and lit it. She wrote a message telling her parents where she thought she was and attached it to a crude collar which she placed around Perky's neck. She then sent him off with the command, "Go to the lodge, Perky." The little buck gave her a knowing look and trotted off.

About two hours later, Patty saw a lantern bobbing in the distance. She was soon happily reunited with her family. They had come across Perky in the woods, and Peter was sure he had passed the trees in which she was hidden on his way down so he had led them to her.

"You did give Perky a reward, didn't you?"

Patty asked.

"No; he scampered off before I had a chance to, but I brought a block of salt,". Mrs. Carter answered.

"I hope he finds it," said Peter as he laid the block down.

If anyone had turned to look back they would have seen a small deer eagerly come up to the salt block, lick it, and then watch them gratefully as they started their happy trip back to the lodge.

KATHRYN NEILSON—Grade VII

#### The Things I'd Like To Be

I'd never be a monkey, Swinging from a branch. I'd never be a pony, Living on a ranch.

But I'd like to be a fairy,
With wings of silver and gold.
Or maybe even a lion,
Who's very huge and bold.

I'd never be a woolly sheep,
Who'd sink if in a river.
Or a puppy dog in the winter,
Who'd sit outside and shiver.

But I'd like to be a birdie, And fly up in the sky. Or maybe a little angel, Who'd never tell a lie.

PATRICIA SPARROW—Grade V



#### THE STEPPING-STONES BOOKS IN THE JUNIOR LIBRARY

A gift from the Mothers' Auxiliary

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR YOU

#### "STEPPING-STONES" — What is it?

Stepping-Stones is a distillation of many book lists. There were two objectives in its conception: to provide a background for Literature and to emphasize the importance of a First Language at a time when this might be obscured in the general concern for the acquiring of a Second.

The books selected in Stepping-Stones are common to all book-lists, but this collection differs in its plan and its brevity. It does, however, owe much to Lillian Smith, when she wrote in "The Unreluctant Years", that we must ask of every book . . .

#### "IS IT GOOD ENOUGH FOR CHILDREN?"

In the first part called Stepping Stones, the books suggested are foundations in good reading. In the second section called "Classics", the list is extended in each category and should be considered concurrently. Surviving books published after 1918 are generally considered as "Classics in the Making" and are therefore not included.

The age-groupings in Stepping-Stones are printed merely to suggest the idea of progressing from one well-written and long-loved story to another. The sensitive adult and the listening child will determine when to read, and when to listen. This is the heritage of the individual.

## THE LIBRARY EXECUTIVE 1960-1961

CHIEF LIBRARIANS:

Carol Cranston Nancy Webb

LIBRARIANS:

Judith Cowie Diane McNaughton
Carol Albertsen Linda Miller
Julia Berry Elsa Rensaa
Signy Hansen Elsie Shandro
Josephine Kerr Dilys White

GRADE X-LIBRARY COMMITTEE:

Dora Dempster Gael Swinden

Nora Baker Clare McCulloch

Eleanor Gaskell Cecilia Smith

Dale McKee Nancy Russell

#### THE SENIOR LIBRARY

Processing and cataloging the three hundred new books which have been added to the Senior and Junior Libraries have kept the Library Executive and Committee very busy indeed. During one of the lunch-hour sessions over fifty picture books, for the Nursery School and Kindergarten, were processed, and the pungent smell of Bookote kept onlookers out of the library for hours.

Among the hundred new books for the Senior Library were eight new books on Canada given by the Richardson Century Fund, an interesting selection of new novels given by Mr. Robbins, and two excellent atlases for which we would like to thank Mrs. W. J. R. Wilson, and Mrs. Sutherland. The History section has been refurbished with many new and interesting books, carefully selected by Mrs. McEwen.

During Young Canada's Book Week, a display of books from each section was arranged by the committee, and this helped the girls who were eagerly trying to find all the answers to the Library Quiz. (After all, what is a banya drum?) We had eighty-five entries, and some of the essays incorporating titles were very clever indeed. Suzanne Evans was the winner in the Senior division, Brenda Simmie in the Junior, and Craig Gowan was the house with the most points. It was during Young Canada's Book Week that we accessed our 3,000th volume, The Moonstone by Wilkie Collins.

The Library has been used for many displays this year, including a selection of prints from the Art Gallery which were changed each month, and the weekly displays put up by the Executive, featuring different countries. The German consulate generously gave a large number of posters, pamphlets, and books about the Arts in Germany.



THE LIBRARIANS AT WORK

There are few books which have been allowed to gather dust this year, and the Executive and Committee have done a wonderful job in handling the problems of ever-increasing circulation.

#### THE JUNIOR LIBRARY

This year a great many changes and improvements have occurred in the Junior Library, and a total of two hundred new books have been accessed and catalogued.

The major project of the year, made possible by the funds provided by the Mothers' Auxiliary, was the development of Stepping Stones—the basic list of the best children's books. These books have been carefully selected to include only the best editions of various classics with the best illustrations. To make these books easily accessible, display shelves have been built at one end of the Library with a section for each classification. In addition, a selection of twenty-five of the Stepping Stones books was given to the Kindergarten and Nursery School.

To stimulate interest in the non-fiction sections of the Library, each grade has set up a display connected with their current studies. We have all learnt something more about Canadian history, Africa, the history of the theatre, early times in Canada, and been quite intrigued by Grade V's monstrous bees.

Another new feature has been the noon-time Story Hour three times a week. Mrs. Collie has taken her material largely from Stepping Stones books. Grades I and II have listened to fairy tales of different lands, Grades III and IV have delved into Norse and other mythologies, while Grades V and VI have heard longer stories told to them in serial form.

The Junior Library is greatly indebted to Mrs. W. J. R. Wilson for her enthusiasm and generosity. Before leaving for Europe, Mrs. Wilson gave seventy excellent, recently published books, and did a great deal of research in choosing them. Her untiring help during Young Canada's Book Week, displaying the new books, lining the shelves with red felt, and presenting a large bouquet of flowers, made the Library look like a page from a story book. We wish to thank her very much indeed, and all the mothers whose help and efforts have made the Junior Library such an interesting and well-used room.

#### The Caterpillar Who Couldn't Count

Caterpillar couldn't count, So he went to school; He learned to count up to five, And they had a rule.

Louise Nebbs—Grade I

#### The Mysterious Voices

It was bedtime in the Johnson household. Judy and Jim said good-night to their parents and to their pet monkey Jerry, then went to bed. Soon after Mr. and Mrs. Johnson went to bed, too.

At about midnight Judy and Jim were awakened by loud footsteps that came from downstairs. The children, with something to protect themselves, went into their parent's room and woke them up. They too grabbed something for protection and started down the stairs.

Oh, what a funny procession it was! Father leading with a golf club, next came Mother with her tennis racket, then came Jim with his new baseball bat, and last of all came Judy, looking rather frightened, with her hardest doll.

At the bottom of the stairs everybody stopped at the sound of loud voices.

"No, that's not very valuable."

"Here put this silverware into my sack."

"Now let's open the safe," said a gruff voice.

At that Father turned red in the face. Then he told us that we would have to surprise the thieves by rushing in. Everybody got ready and in they ran! To their surprise there was nobody in the dark living-room. Suddenly father burst out laughing. The rest of the family asked him what he was laughing about.

"Look over there," he said.

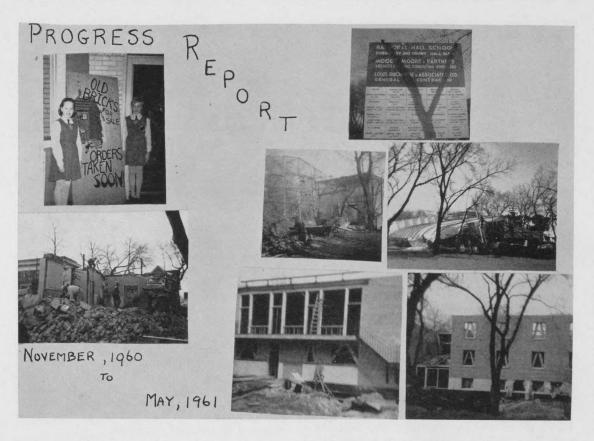
The radio was on! It must have been a play on the radio they had heard, but who could have turned it on? Then, from the corner of the room came some funny giggling noises. There was the guilty one, Jerry.

Oh, Jerry had played a mean trick on them, but instead of scolding him they started laughing.

DENISE ROULSTON—Grade VI

#### The Snowman's Adventure

The children built a snowman one day. They put on eyes and mouth. Then they went and got a silk hat. They did not know that it had magic in it. He began to walk. He said, "My name is Billy White. Let's have some fun. We can play tag." The snowman was "it". He could not catch the children. Then he said, "I must go home now, because I will melt here".



#### Turning the Sod

On November 23 a luncheon meeting for parents was held in the gymnasium. The plans for the New Residence were shown and discussed, and a brief report was made by Mr. A. S. Leach, retiring Chairman of the Board of Governors.

After lunch, the members of the School, parents, and friends gathered outside while Dr. C. C. Ferguson officially broke ground for the new building.

Prayers of dedication were spoken by the Reverend Nelson Mercer and Reverend Canon J. C. Clough, and the short service closed with the Choir singing, "We Thank Thee, Lord," and the Doxology.

JAQUELINE LYE

#### The Red House

Once upon a time there was a little brown mouse called Jupiter, who lived in the Red House. One day Jupiter went out for a walk and met his friend the rabbit. When they got back to the Red House some men were pulling it down. Jupiter cried and cried. Rabbit said, "Don't cry, because you are going to come and stay with me." Next morning the men came back to build a new house. When it was finished it was a red and white house and Jupiter lived happily ever after.

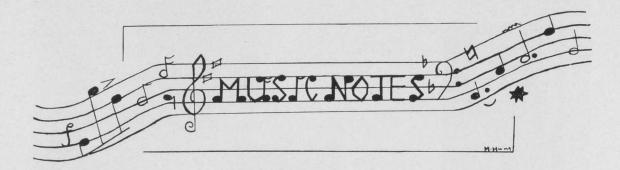
Pamela Puttock—Grade 1

#### Thanks to Our Mothers

The Mothers' Auxiliary of Balmoral Hall has organized many successful ventures during the last ten years. Newcomers are tantalized by being asked, "were you here when they had the 'Smorgasbord'?" or "Do you remember the Christmas Village?" and they have to be content with seeing movies and slides of these events.

This time, however, the results of the Mothers' Auxiliary's efforts will be enjoyed and admired for a long time and by many who have not yet entered the school. Next year's boarders will benefit most of all. When the new Residence opens in September, all the bedrooms will have pretty curtains and bedspreads made for them by the mothers.

For several months groups of mothers have been meeting in recreation rooms to cut out, sew, and press yards and yards of material. As we go to press, the curtains are all complete, and a blitz has been organized to finish the bedspreads. Our mothers have given many hours to this tremendous undertaking, and on behalf of all future boarders, we should like to thank them for their special contribution to the new building.



#### Music at Balmoral Hall

The students of Balmoral Hall begin our school day with music. At Morning Prayers we join in hymn singing led by the Choir, which is chosen from Grades Nine to Twelve. The Choir members practise at least once a week throughout the year, under the direction of Mrs. Birse, and speaking as one of them I can say that we love every minute of it.

Each day one of the seven organists takes her turn to play for Morning Prayers. When Miss Murrell-Wright asked me if I would like to be one of the organists, I felt rather nervous at the prospect. Finally, however, my turn came and I soon found that by pressing a stop here and a stop there I could produce lovely sounds, and I have found it a valuable musical experience.

Almost any time of the day if one were to walk past the Practice Rooms, one would hear a variety of noises. Balmoral Hall is fortunate in having three piano teachers and they are all kept very busy. As piano students, the time has come when our teachers threaten us with the news that recitals are "just around the corner," and we redouble our efforts accordingly.

Because music plays an important part in my life, I have found that my year at Balmoral Hall has been very rewarding in increasing my love and appreciation of this art. I have reached a deeper understanding because of spending more time in actual learning, practising, and enjoying many ways of making music.

SANDRA WORKMAN

#### Musical Events of the Year

This year many students have been to a variety of musical events outside the school. Even the students' own piano recitals often took place elsewhere. Since the Drawing Room is being used as a bedroom, several recitals have been held in the homes of the respective piano teachers.

Concerts for young people of various ages are now a recognized part of the Winnipeg Symphony's season, and this year Balmoral Hall students from Grade Four to Grade Twelve attended concerts of this kind. At one of these, Victor Feldbrill, the conductor, commented on the great improvement he had noticed this year in the response of the children at these concerts.

Those of us who attended the Celebrity or Symphony concert series had a varied season of singing and instrumental music. In addition, many enjoyed performances of the Royal Winnipeg and National Ballet companies. Of all these concerts perhaps the most memorable was that given by the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Leonard Bernstein.

LINDA LEACH

#### The Nativity Service

Silently each parent was admiring the hardly recognizable gymnasium, dimly lit by the lights of eight Christmas trees around the walls. Everyone stood quietly when the organ began to play.

In keeping with the festival of Christmas, the Choir, each girl holding a glowing candle and a red song sheet, led the School in singing, "Once in Royal David's City." This carol set the mood for the service which consisted of carols sung by the Choir and by each Grade.

A Grade Three student introduced the Nativity story by reciting the Magnificat. The story was continued by members of the Senior School. Passages were read from the Bible, and nativity scenes shown on the stage, while carols and hymns of praise were softly sung by the Choir. After the Blessing was pronounced by The Very Rev. W. E. Harrison, the Service concluded with the candlelight procession of choir and students singing "The First Nowell."

Soon the gymnasium began to echo with voices of guests praising, as always, the lovely School Carol Service.

NANCY ANN EATON

#### Van Gogh

On February 20th, the School went to see the Van Gogh Exhibition at the Norquay Building, And thereby missed most of Friday after-Noon's classes.

The guide told a little of Van
Gogh's life to help in understanding
Of his paintings. She also showed the
Girls how to cup their hands before looking at
His famous painting, "The Potato Eaters." This

gave it the lighting he intended and showed The texture he tried to produce by bringing Out the green and yellow tones a person Usually misses. This visit will long be Remembered as a rare opportunity.

SUZANNE EVANS

#### Vincent Van Gogh

Van Gogh, a Dutchman, perhaps can be considered too good for the people he associated with. He was alienated from all classes of people. His family, soon after he had started to paint, began to feel he was worthless. He had tried many kinds of jobs, but soon lost these and decided to take up painting as a career.

He developed quite a different technique—painting pictures in dull browns and greys. The people of his time were not used to this type of painting and could see no value in it. During his life time he was only able to sell one painting.

He painted in two different styles, the first of which represents his "sombre period". Some wonderful paintings were done during this period. A good example is "The Weaver". It is done all in one colour in different shades of brown, but all details can be plainly seen. He also did another which is considered to be one of his most famous, "The Potato Eaters." It also is done in dull colours but gives a clear idea of what kind of life these peasants lived.

For those who do not care for dark paintings, he did some lovely outdoor scenes of apple blossoms. This was his second style which he painted in France. The sun was very brilliant during the summer and his paintings showed this. Instead of taking long strokes he dabbed the paint on and this gives a completely different effect. To show that he could get a fine effect with thick paints he made a copy of a Chinese print which shows very fine lines and details.

One of his later works, which was my favourite, was a picture of ivy growing in a forest. His strokes show an unbelievable motion. The light was well shown in this picture too. He did another which impressed me very much which

showed a boy gathering up wheat. This picture showed the action as if it had been photographed. It is almost hard to believe that a still picture could show so much action.

I found his paintings very interesting and I now understand why Van Gogh is considered one of the world's best painters.

SHERYL NOONAN—Grade VIII

#### Symphony Concert

On October 11, Grades Four, Five and Six got onto the chartered bus and left for the Playhouse Theatre. It was a lovely day and we sang songs all the way.

When we entered the Playhouse we sat down and waited for a while. The lights went out and everybody seemed to be saying, "Oh!" because it looked so beautiful.

The concert started by singing "God Save the Queen" and then the conductor, Mr. Feldbrill, showed us some of the instruments in the orchestra. Mr. Feldbrill showed us the string section, the woodwinds, the brass section and the drums. One of the percussion instruments is the cymbal, and this gives a tingly sound that makes you shiver. They are very important to the symphony because they can really make you understand a piece of music. The drums are percussion instruments too. They give a booming sound like the rhythm of the music.

The music they played was very beautiful. First there was a "Waltz for the Strings" by Tchaikowsky which was written entirely for the string section of the orchestra. Scherzo, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mendelssohn came next. It was written when he was only seventeen years old. This piece is written for the woodwind section of the orchestra. My favourite on the programme was "The Little Fugue in G Minor" by Bach

Mr. Feldbrill explained several techniques to us. One was a fugue. It is when one section of the orchestra plays a certain theme and another section plays the same theme, but the first section goes on with the piece and so on until the whole orchestra is playing. It is something like a round. Next we sang the round, "Sing Sing Together".

Then we all went home saying to each other, "What a good symphony concert!" We sang coming home and when we came to the school we went around the block twice. Then we sang, "For He's a Jolly Fellow" to the Bus Driver.

JUDITH GARDNER
CATHERINE HAMILTON
DEIRDRE MALONE
DENISE ROULSTON
Grade VI



#### BALLATER HOUSE

THIRD ROW—C. Smith, D. Dempster, J. Sutherland, J. Hamilton, B. McMurray, S. Fletcher, D. Sage, J. Lye, J. Berry, A. Sellers (Head of House), M. Tweddell, P. Burnford, V. MacDuff, L. Leach, K. Kilgour, J. Mocdy, J. Sellers, L. Pitt, A. McLean.

SECOND ROW—L. Catley, M. Berry, J. Rattray, S. Noonon, R. Condo, P. Glover, M. Wiley, S. Bracken, K. Neilson, S. Dawson, L. Allison, D. Jackson, L. Colville, H. Campbell, C. Schmied.

FIRST ROW—L. Watson, D. Craib, D. Ferguson, C. Wood, D. Casey, D. Leadley, S. Saunders, S. Puttock, J. Ferguson, E. Wiley, K. Alexander.

ABSENT-C. Nairn, Z. Linder, G. Tucker.

#### BALLATER HOUSE

Dear Ballaters,

It has been a very rich and real experience for me to be Head of our house this year. I have appreciated the loyalty that you as a group have given to me. It is a strange coincidence that brings so many divergent talents together, and I appreciate the efforts of everyone who has contributed to the total success of the house.

First of all I would like to thank the Juniors for their outstanding victory on Sports' Day, especially Susan Saunders who won the midget cup. In addition, your entering the Literary Competition and good conduct helped us greatly towards our goal. Keep up your enthusiasm for Ballater!

Sports' Day was our first big victory, and my congratulations go to Linda Pitt and Jane Moody who won the Senior and Intermediate Championships respectively. We also came first in the Library Quiz, and I would like to thank all those who made this victory possible. In volleyball, we came close, but did not quite win. As for broomball—well, we will not mention that.

At Christmas, we placed first in academic work and in conduct—a most important achievement. Last term brought the Literary Competition in which we did fairly well. Here, I commend Kathy Neilson and Margaret Berry. At the moment we are playing basketball games and preparing for our swimming meet. Here's hoping we do well in them!

To the staff members, especially Mrs. Mc-Diarmid, our staff adviser, I would like to say how much I have enjoyed having you in Ballater House.

This year could not have been successful without the help of Linda Pitt, our Sports' Captain, Valerie McDuff, our uniform monitress, and Julia Berry, our secretary.

As I look back on this year, I realize how wonderful you have all been to me. Next year's House Head is certainly lucky to get such a wonderful group of girls!

With love,

ANNE SELLERS, Head of Ballater

#### BRAEMAR HOUSE

Dear Braemar,
As, once again, the year comes to an end,
I sit and reminisce about it now,
And try to think of all the girls that I
Can thank for being such a help to me.
But I, alas, remember everyone;
For everyone indeed has done her share.
The first time we appeared in public was
On Sports' Day, when our spirits all were high.
Our gay house cheers forever will be loved:
And even though we did not win the day,

Then came a sport in which we placed but third;

We placed in almost every race we ran.

And this was volleyball! . . . but we had fun! In work we always manage to place first And that makes me so proud of all my girls. In broomball we had fun and we came first: And we did well in basketball and—most Of everything—we tried our best each time. But it was YOU who did these things, Braemar: And I am proud of you and hope and pray That all your days will be happy, as mine When I look back and think of all of you.

NANCY ANN EATON Head of Braemar.



#### BRAEMAR HOUSE

FIFTH ROW—M. Trueman, D. White, N. Baker, J. Knight, M. Brooks, J. Cowie, E. Gaskell, L. Folliott, D. McNaughton, J. Plaxton, E. Shandro.

FOURTH ROW—A. Mason, M. Shandro, D. Moore, J. Kirbyson, E. Clough, I. Huebert, N. A. Eaton (Head of House), D. MacKenzie, E. Webster, J. Dowler, J. Harrison, I. Brown.

THIRD ROW—P. Johnston, J. Stephenson, N. Sym, M. Murray, R. Kipp, N. Russell, J. Campbell, S. Guest, S. Riley, J. Clough.

SECOND ROW—N. Culver, D. Roulston, V. Griffiths, B. Reeve, M. Greatrex, D. Dickson, N. Nelson. FRONT ROW—D. Bloomer, P. Reeve, C. Richardson, J. Doidge, C. Roulston. ABSENT—J. Evans, P. Sparrow.



#### CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

IN THE TREE-C. Armytage, D. Malone, C. L. Garry.

THIRD ROW—J. Barling, K. Alexander, E. Arneson, S. Ryan, L. Trimble, G. Graham, M. Bain, B. Nichol, S. Evans, (Head of House), M. Dowse, L. Miller, D. Harrison, S. Workman, S. Stephens, B. LeBeau, C. Gourley, N. Webb, G. Siemens.

SECOND ROW—R. Stewart, F. Tanner, B. Simmie, V. Dubiskey, N. Smith, C. Swindell, L. Swaffield, R. Bendas, J. Quinn, J. Brodie, J. Alexander, D. Nightingale.

FIRST ROW—P. Kayser, D. Riley, P. Pennock, B. Blick, P. Richardson, C. Vincent, J. Evans, K. Boyer, C. Emerson, D. Kilgour, P. Jobson.

ABSENT-R. Genser, R. Golumbia, M. Carscallen.

#### CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

Cheers—three great big ones for a marvellous group of girls—Craig Gowan, of course!

Really, I have enjoyed working and playing with all of you from the time that

Armytage bloomers hung from our tree, until this very moment. I am quite certain that

I shall never forget the pride of winning a competition, occasional struggles to increase our

Games attendance, or the times our conduct sheet was surprisingly low—of which a certain redhead (by sheer Good luck) managed to procure an unusual piece of evidence. Seriously, there is

Only a small space in which to thank all the individuals who put so much time and

Work into our House. Therefore, I am leaving this privilege to each member. Remember personal pride

And team spirit are all you need as you go through life. Keep up Craig Gowan's spirit;

Never let it fail!

SUZANNE EVANS
Head of Craig Gowan

#### GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

What this Year Has Meant to Me:

This year, as Head of Glen Gairn, has been very exciting and full of new experiences. I was very proud and happy when you, the House, chose me to lead you for the coming year. The confidence you put in me rather frightened me because I did not know if I could live up to your expectations.

What This Year Has Meant to Each Member:

I hope that this year each one of you has learnt a little more about sportsmanship. Perhaps you have realized what fun it can be to work together towards a common goal. The experience that comes through belonging to a House is worth all the heartaches you go through when your House does not win. It should give us all a better attitude towards competition, and the satisfaction of working separately and together for goals shared by our fellow House members.

What This Year Has Meant to the House:

This year Glen Gairn has not placed first, but I do not think that this is as important as the fact that at times we have shown that we can work together successfully. Glen Gairn has shown the enthusiasm which I think is the sign of a successful House and next year I hope that you will place higher.

I should like to express my thanks to Signy Hansen, our energetic Sports Captain, who has been a great help to me. Also to Anita Urquhart and Carol Cranston, who have helped me in guiding the House. Carol Albertsen deserves cheers for her work as Uniform Monitress.

Good luck to all of you and to the House in the years to come. Thank you for my wonderful year as House Head.

Much love,

NICKY McGIBBON, Head of Glen Gairn.



#### GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

FOURTH ROW—M. L. Sinclair, J. Bleeks, M. Martindale, E. Ward, M. Gwyn, P. Warren, E. Rensaa, H. McGibbon (Head of House), J. Kerr, G. Swinden, C. Albertsen, W. Elsdon, E. Brereton, P. McDonald, M. Dangerfield, D. Fengstad.

THIRD ROW—Maryel Andison, K. Wilson, M. Tompkins, C. Cranston, S. Hansen, J. A. Andrews, A. Urquhart, J. Schmerchanski, C. McCulloch, D. McKee, S. Hutchings.

SECOND ROW-C. Howat, S. Cain, M. Hamilton, D. Lansky, M. Bethel, Margaret Andison, D. Silvester.

FRONT ROW—S. Osler, A. Ripley, A. Gardner, S. Majury, C. Hamilton, J. Briggs, D. Stack, L. Bullock, A. Hunt, C. Hunt, L. G. Arnett, J. Kent, C. Newcombe.

ABSENT-B. Kennedy, S. Harris, J. Scarrow.

#### CLASS NOTES

#### The Sporting Sevens

The following film-strips show our gifted athletes who hope to compete at the 1968 Olympics.

We start at the rink where Kathy is practising her solo, while Jayne speeds round the edge.

On the hill Judy Clough sets off on the Slalom Course and Rosemary, Marilyn, Ditte, and Frances start down the bobsled run.

At the track we see Margaret clearing the last hurdle, and Lynn warming up for the hundred yard dash. On the right is Patsy soaring over the high jump and Diana practising the discus.

Moving to the swimming pool, we see Deanna emerge victorious. Nearby, Susan, pauses for breath and watches Trish Johnston's graceful

As we watch Trish Pennock's gym routine, we see Jane dashing about the adjoining badminton court.

At the lake we find Nancy, the champion water skier. Darryl, in her sailboat, is setting the pace for the rowing team which includes Roxana and Dorothy. Along the shore pedals Judy Dowler, our cyclist.

Our cameras focus next on Alixe, flying over the last jump of the steeplechase, and move on to Gail's faultless performance in dressage.

Our last scene shows Zivia rehearing a song for the closing banquet.

#### Grade Eight's Hit Parade

All In My Mind—Kathy Kilgour, Janet Harrison, and Cathie Gourley.

Dance, Ballerina, Dance—Marsha.

Wake Up, Little Susie!—Susan Cain and Susan Guest.

Alexander's Ragtime Band—Kay.

Homesick Blues—Joanne, Diane and Dale.

Sama, Kama, Wacky Brown-Irene.

Smiling Through—Barbara, Dawn, and Ruth.

Say it With Music-Jackie.

Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue—Margaret.

Let's Do The Horse—Susan Hutchings.

You Talka Too Much—Roberta and Penny.

Ebony Eyes-Mary.

Don't Say A Word-Marlene and Elizabeth Webster.

We Sail the Ocean Blue—Sheryl, Susan Dawson, and Elizabeth Brereton.

The Campbells Are Coming—Heather and Janet. Always Merry and Bright—Pamella and Jessica.

#### Channel Nine

3.00 Ruckus Room School

Hostess Guests

—Miss Madeleine —Louise Colville, Susan Harris, and Susan Stephens with their unpredictable antics. Carol Schmied and her stuffed animals.

-Maryel Andison: "If you need that extra zest for doing gymnastics, take Terigol." 3.29 Commercial-

4.00 B.H. Party

Hostesses Guests

-Lorraine and Brenda.
-Fashion expert, Marny Gwyn; Cheryl Howat, playing "Moonlight Sonata".
Gwen Siemens will sing "September Song", accompanied by Vera Dubiskey.
Wendy Elsdon, talking on "How to Get Along With Sisters" With Sisters. Irene and Carol in dazzling skating display.

5.30 News and Sports

Announcers Items

Martha Trueman and Nancy Smith.
Mary Martindale wins International Reading
Marathon.

An art show is being held by Beverly Kennedy and Anne McLean. Elizabeth Clough finished her European tour of

piano recitals.

Judo expert, Mary Carscallen, has attained The

Black Belt.

Debbie Jackson, Jane Moody, and Susan Riley intend to try out for '64 Olympic Ski Team.

Water-Skiing Champion, Jill Plaxton, is now in Cypress Gardens.

Joan Sellers has won another trophy in the International Horse Show.

-Lily Swaffield: "Do you like milk? I drink at least two quarts a day. My favourite is Petunia's Powdered Milk." 5.59 Commercial-

6.00 Sign Off.

#### AtTENtion, Please

Can you imagine-Brenda without le beau? Sandra in France? Joan without her Kleenex? Nora quiet? Jennifer standing still? Clare without her briefcase? Cecilia uncoordinated? Evadne as a Boy Scout? Joanne as Liberal Leader? Jean panning Portage? Ann without her noon walks? Judy without Barry? Linda Pitt missing noon mail? Linda Leach without her piano? Dale talking in a normal voice? Jill with unkempt hair? Nancy without her dog Rocky? Maureen with her driver's license? Mary Louise late? Lynn missing a football game? Gael without her mail friends? Eleanor as a concert master? Millie as a school inspector? Elizabeth without Libisnuth? Dora going on a diet?

#### Initiation

The morning of initiation saw new girls with green bows of all sizes in their hair, shining shoes and looking for obsolete snow. Those failing to complete their tasks were shepherded after school to "Prefects' Court" where they were tried.

The Hallowe'en Party in the evening began with the new girls' Grand March, which was followed by several skits. Two notable ones were The Three Bears and The Abominable Snowman. Many laughs were heard from the spectators during the Roman Games, the Girdle race, and the Prefects' own version of "The Belles of Saint Trinian's."

ANNE SELLERS and MARY TWEDDELL



SUZANNE EVANS-GRADE XI

#### The White House Triple-Decker

As a basis for the "1961 White House Super Sandwich" we have a thick slice of cracked wheat bread made in the Red House by Wendy, Vera, Carol and Marny. Next we lay on a slice of Evadne, Jean, Liz and Sandy's "ham". To this we add Linda L, Linda P, Millie, Dora, Dale and Cecilia's wholesome cheese. The edges are trimmed with "let-us", Elsie, Sue, Betty and Jackie. Judy and Marylyn supply the tangy dressing, while Val, Elsa, Sandy Workman and Gloria provided the extra bit of spice. We must not forget the nuts, Jo-Anne and Penny. The sweetness is on the top, put in by Trudy, Carol, Alice and Deirdre, and the lid is made of more Red House cracked wheat, this time cooked up by Ditte and Roxana, with the crust added by Dale and Diane. Somewhere the two pickles, Joanne and Janet, are squeezed in, and to hold this unwieldy tit-bit together, we have a toothpick held firmly in place by the chief cook, Carol Albertsen.

#### Cupid Capers, 1961

Our Valentine Dance was held this year on a chilly Friday, February 10th. The guests were received beneath red and white streamers interlaced with heart and cupid mobiles. They were attractive new cut-out figures giving a Scandinavian accent to the walls, and the red and white checked tablecloths added warmth and colour to the hall. A smorgasbord was served, with pink punch in a beautiful bowl made of ice in which many red flowers were frozen. One new feature was a "heart hunt" in the Senior School. The winners, Nora Baker and Jim Gaskell, were crowned King and Queen of Hearts, and reigned for the rest of a very happy evening. The proceeds from this dance, just over a hundred dollars, were presented to the Building Fund, and so, more than ever, this was a successful event. BRENDA LEBEAU

#### The Christmas Story

For the first two weeks of December, six junior boarders were busy preparing for their presentation of the Christmas story. Together they worked out costumes, lighting and scenery, and held rehearsals early every morning.

At 7.30 p.m. on December 14th the play was presented, and it was greatly enjoyed by the small audience of specially invited guests. Everyone was impressed by the imagination and ingenuity of the performance, and its true demonstration of Christmas spirit.

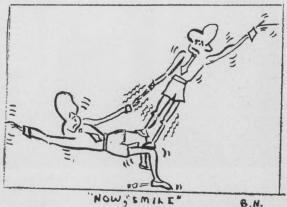
JAQUELINE LYE

#### Official Opening

At half past one on Sunday, October 30th, Mrs. Elliott cut the pink ribbon and declared the new, but temporary, Senior Boarders' Sitting Room open. A speech of thanks was made, and Miss Murrell-Wright invited everyone to inspect the plans for the new building. Each person then received a piece of the ribbon as a souvenir.

In the evening a pyjama party was held to celebrate the occasion.

JAQUELINE LYE



BETTY NICHOL-GRADE XI



BETTY NICHOL, SPORTS CAPTAIN

#### Sports Review, 1960-61

In the past two years volleyball has taken the place of basketball as the School's favourite sport. This year, volleyball games had a very big attendance, while for basketball, a game requiring fewer players, the Houses barely had enough players to make one team. Preparations for the gym display pushed basketball further into the background by taking up much time in the afternoons. Because of this, the house basketball games were not run off at the usual time, and are being played in the summer term. We expect, however, that these will be exciting games because, although the basketball enthusiasts may be relatively few, they are wholehearted. When these games are over, we hope to have a baseball series, and the Swimming Meet, planned for June 2nd, will end another good year of sports.

## ... SPORTS...

#### Alumnae Night

This year's Alumnae Night was something special. The "old girls" decided that instead of giving the graduates a Spring Luncheon, they would give a dinner in the Common Room before the basketball and volleyball games. I think that there was an ulterior motive, and I know that Suzanne, our star guard, who ate several chicken pies, will agree with me! However, everyone heartily enjoyed the buffet dinner.

In the gymnasium the Alumnae gave us each a golden miniature basketball with a funny little quip to help carry us through the year.

We started off with volleyball which was followed by basketball. Between and after the games, drinks and doughnuts were served. During the basketball "time-outs" the school team lay exhausted on the floor, while the "old girls" wandered around chatting to everyone. Our referee was Jack Patterson, who thoroughly enjoyed the games.

In all, it was a fun-filled night which everyone enjoyed. Thank you, Alumnae! Next year we will be looking forward to another night of fun and games.

BETTY NICHOL



CRAIG GOWAN VOLLEYBALL TEAM-1961



OVER THE TOP

#### Sports Day

There will never be a better Sports Day! The sun shone in all its glory and we could even feel its warmth. The still green grass and the unbelievably blue sky made a memorable background for the gleaming white shirts as the four Houses ran or marched into place. The brightlycoloured House bands added the final touch of colour.

The events were run off in rapid succession. and everything went without a hitch, except for the three-legged runners who lacked a few of the necessary ties.

Our new sport, hurdling, introduced this year, still needs much improvement, but judging by the enthusiasm with which it was greeted, we expect to see more expert performance next year. Thank you, Mrs. Anderson, for spending your camping-out weekend cutting sticks for us!

Exhausted competitors and hoarse cheerers will long remember this day, and agree that our Sports Day was worthy of the beautiful autumn setting in which it took place.

BETTY NICHOL

House

2. Craig Gowan

#### Sports Day Results

Individual Champions Senior-Linda Pitt Intermediate—Jane Moody

Junior—Lynn Trimble Midget—Susan Saunders

3. Braemar

1. Ballater

4. Glen Gairn

#### **Tournaments**

#### Volleyball

- 1. Craig Gowan
- 2. Ballater
- 3. Glen Gairn
- 4. Braemar

#### Basketball

- 1. Craig Gowan
- 2. Braemar
- 3. Ballater
- 4. Glen Gairn

#### Broomball

Broomball, our less serious winter sport, drew us all out onto the ice during those cold winter days while the gymnasium was being converted into a ballroom for the Valentine Dance. Many of our dignified seniors caused much laughter while trying to retain their balance, and even more when they failed. We found that even the most unathletic of us could play and really enjoy this game, and everyone regretted the season's being so short. Congratulations to Braemar who came out on top.

#### It's All Over So Quickly

Every year in the late fall, when the leaves have left the trees, our family waits expectantly. At the first sign of dark clouds or cold wind a hush falls. And then it happens—the first snow

All activities in the house cease while everyone brings out his ski equipment. My mother, who is not a skiing fan, gets in a frenzy as skis and ski poles are dragged over the beige carpet covering the basement stairs. Broken harnesses are replaced and everything is in readiness for more snow.

Soon there is more of this delightful stuff! Skiing friends are invited; skis, clothes, and a radio are packed into the car, and we leave. The skiing season has begun.

After a hundred-mile drive, and amid the greetings of old friends, the car is unpacked. Tow tickets are securely attached in view of the Poma-lift operator, and we wait our turn to grasp one of the swinging poles for the trip up the hill.

At the top I began to wonder if the knee bends carried out all summer will help. I start down the hill, gathering confidence as each turn becomes better. Weighting and unweighting the skis, I fly faster and faster until I reach the bottom, delighted. By six o'clock, we drag our aching arms and legs to the car. We are too tired even to talk.

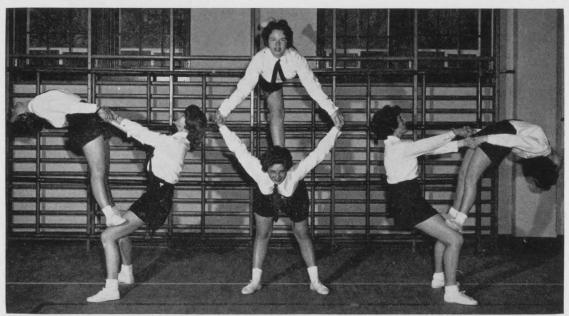
And so the winter continues, every weekend bringing another skiing trip. Then the sun begins to get warmer; the snow becomes sticky, and then turns to water. The skiing season is over-over too quickly.

DEBORAH JACKSON—Grade IX

#### My Rabbit

I have a little rabbit Who lives in a cage He has a little habit Of figuring out his age.

CATHERINE CLOUGH—Grade III



IN THE GYMNASIUM

#### Gymnastics Display

After a lapse of four years, the thought of a Gymnastics Display brought great excitement to the girls who had taken part in the previous one. To the many new girls who had not been part of such an event at Balmorel Hall, this was to be an evening well remembered.

Shall we ever forget those long hours of practice in the morning, the sultana biscuits, or the bus rides down to the theatre and back?

Finally the moment came, and the students, all in white shirts, clean runners and white socks, walked excitedly onto the stage of the Playhouse Theatre. After opening the performance with the singing of "O Canada", the juniors crept noiselessly up to the balcony, while the senior choir, directed by Mrs. Berythe Birse, remained on the stage for three songs.

Grades IV to VIII opened the Gymnastics programme under the direction of Mr. Per Thorsen with fundamental exercises which form part of the basic training in gymnastics. The mat and box routines which followed were greatly enjoyed, especially the more spectacular efforts of the Special Gymnastics Group. The hoops, wands, and free exercises done by Grades IX, X, and XI presented many attractive patterns, while the "wee interlude" from Grades I, II and III brought general laughter. The High Finale put on by part of the Special Gymnastics Group completed the evening, successfully ending our Gymnastics Display for 1961.

LINDA LEACH

Editor's Note.—The writer of this article was also one of the accompanists for the Display.

#### Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley

As we were sitting in the plane the pilot said that we were passing over the scene in Squaw Valley where the Olympic Games were being held. He dropped his wing and from my window I saw that the mountains and valley were covered with snow. Trees were everywhere and the sun was shining brightly. There in Squaw Valley where we were going, we could see a speed skating track, colourful buildings and many cars. We hardly had time to see everything because the plane moved quickly and soon we were in Reno, Nevada. This was where we were going to stay during the games.

The Olympic games started in Greece and were celebrated every four years in honour of Zeus. The athletic games and races of ancient Greece were revived at Athens in 1896 and a torch has been carried from one country to the next for each of the games.

The torch was brought from the scene of the seventh Olympic games to Los Angeles where a runner carried it to Squaw Valley. There it was given to Andree Mede, the winner of the downhill ski race in 1952 in Oslo, Norway. She brought it down the mountain and gave the torch to Ken Henry, who had won the five hundred metre race in 1952. He circled the speed skating track and put the torch on the Olympic platform.

There was much cheering as the skiers came down the hill. They were all young girls and boys. The sun was so bright we could not see the timer, but Ann Heggtveit from Ottawa was the winner of the Gold Medal for skiing this year.

DIANE STACK-Grade V

#### Alumnae News

Items of news and messages from some who have already sent greetings for our 60th Anniversary—

- Miss E. M. Bartlett, Dundas, Ontario—"I am now secretary at my church—a most interesting half-time occupation; have a dear little house in Dundas to which Miss Turner and 1 will always welcome our 'Old Girls'."
- Carol (Stirling) Myers, Thormont, Maryland—
  "In my free time I have a private Kindergarten; 5 girls and 5 boys."
- Helen Wilson—"Glad to hear about the campaign—in second year B.Sc. of Nursing at University Hospital, Edmonton."
- Valerie Saul—"Happy to make a donation to my 'Old School"—best of luck and send me information of Alumnae activities."
- Mary-Kaye (Simpkinson) Kurkjion—Graduated from Trinity College, Toronto—living in Don Mills, Ontario—40 Moccasin Trail.
- Edith A. Joyce—"I remember the laying of corner stone for the first addition—good luck."
- Diane (Gardner) Henderson—"Husband Englishman, officer in Canadian Army just posted to Calgary—Catherine Mary—1 year old."
- Sue Carnegie—"My best wishes—would love to be kept posted on all successes of Balmoral Hall. Studying for A.R.C.T., Toronto."
- Faith Wilson—Vice President and House Chairman of Kappa Alpha Theta—3rd year Science at U.B.C.

WESTON SCHOOL MAGAZINE

- Joan (Davidson) Nankiwell—"Would greatly appreciate newsletter—son William 16 months—now a busy housewife and mother after brief fling as copy-writer in advertising world."
- Audrey (Robb) Lawrence, Islington, Ontario—
  "Many 'old girls' around—the older they get
  the more active they get!"
- Nancy Sleeman—"Best wishes—expecting first child May 24th."
- Gail (Brooking) Matthews, Swan River, Manitoba—"Best wishes for a successful campaign."
- Susan (Mack) Horban, Orem, Utan, U.S.A.—
  "Husband at Young University—daughter
  arrived in time for Christmas—send me news
  of B.H."
- Pat (Love) Anderson, Dorval, P.Q.—"Three daughters—looking forward to next newsletter."
- Glen Murray-Teaching Staff at The General.
- Diane Grindley—Teaching French and English at Killarney, Manitoba—and taking a course in Philosophy at Brandon College."
- Lori McDougall—B. Science of Nursing at University of Alberta.
- Signe Salzberg, Diane Bishop, Shirley Donaldson at University of Manitoba.
- Margaret Fisher—Grade XII and Ballet in Edmonton.
- Lynn Funnell—Grade XII in Calgary before U.B.C.—"Good luck with your campaign."

Weston School, Westmount, P.Q.

#### **EXCHANGES**

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE	-	-	-	The Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ontario
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN	_	_	-	Branksome Hall, Toronto
THE VICTORY	-	-	_	Churchill High School, Winnipeg
THE CROFTONIAN	-	_	-	Crofton House School, Vancouver, B.C.
Breezes	-	-	-	Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg
Samara	-	-	-	Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ontario
PER ANNOS	-	-	-	King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Noster Annus	-	-	_	Qu'Appelle Diocesan School, Regina, Sask.
THE TALLOW DIP	-	-	-	Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE -	-	-	-	St. Helen's School, Dunham, P.Q.
THE EAGLE	-	-	-	St. John's Ravenscourt, Fort Garry, Manitoba
THE STUDY CHRONICLE	-	-	-	The Study, Montreal, P.Q.
THE RECORD	-	-	-	Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario
TRIC TICS	-	-	-	United College, Winnipeg, Manitoba



## Graduates

#### Grade XII

#### JO-ANNE ANDREWS

Jo-Anne, Grade XII's Biology scholar from Flin Flon, hopes to enter Nursing in September at the Winnipeg General Hospital. Jo's most dreaded phrase is "8.20 games, Monday morning," but she still supports Glen Gairn House. Best of luck next year, Jo.

#### JUDITH COWIE

Judy is our master organizer this year. As Head Girl she leads a busy life and as an avid sports enthusiast has helped Braemar in Volleyball, Basketball and Broomball. Judy hopes to attend St. John's College next year and we hope her future success will be as great as her success at Balmoral. We'll miss you, Judy.

#### CAROL CRANSTON

Carol is best known in the Library as one of the Heads of this Committee. In addition she is a Prefect, member of the choir and an enthusiastic supporter of Glen Gairn House. She has decided to take a Commercial Course next year. All the best, Carol.

#### NANCY ANN EATON

Nancy, alias "Eat", is a Prefect and Braemar's dynamic House Head. She is famous for her "short fly" in gym and is the envy of all budding gymnasts. If her Sunbeam gets her to School on time she can often be found "Homework-hunting"—Take care, Nancy, and happy hunting.

#### JUDITH EVANS

Judy's last year at Balmoral Hall has been filled with activity. She has been Senior Class President and Class President of Grade XII. Her changing "hair-dos" have been no problem, but car-parking has been a challenge. We'll miss your sense of humour, Judy, but good luck.

#### MARYLYN REID

Marylyn, a late arrival from Edmonton, found a place in the School Choir, and on the Magazine Executive. She has supported Ballater House and has also found time for some skiing. The University of B.C. will probably see Lyn's cheery smile next year.

#### PENELOPE WARREN

Penny, a quiet blonde from Birtle, is an able supporter of Glen Gairn. Her favourite pastime is going home for weekends and recovering from them the rest of the week. Penny hopes to take an X-ray Technician's course in Ottawa in September. Best of luck, Penny!

#### NANCY WEBB

Nancy, a busy and helpful Prefect, is also one of our Head Librarians and has found interesting use for her typing skills. No wonder she is choosing a business course for September. Craig Gowan House will miss you, Nancy, and your help in volleyball and basketball.

#### SANDRA WORKMAN

Sandra, a pert brown-haired lass from Solsgirth, Manitoba, was new to us this year. Besides being music editor on the Magazine Executive and member of the School and St. Luke's Choir, she also manages to keep up the morale of her room-mates by her laughter and understanding. We wish her luck at Teachers' College next year.

#### GRADE XI

#### CAROL ALBERTSEN

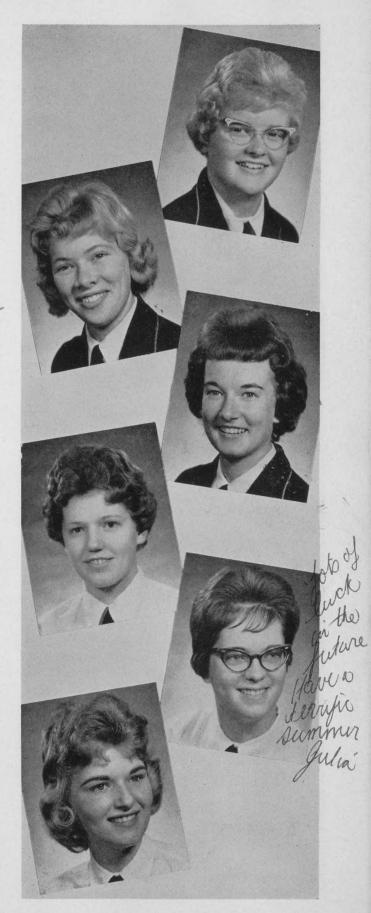
Carol, our Head of Residence, can usually be found waking up sleepy heads or organizing lines for the dining-room. She has been an active member of the Library Committee and the Choir and gives height to the Glen Gairn teams. Good luck, Carol, as you explore the new building and Grade XII in September.

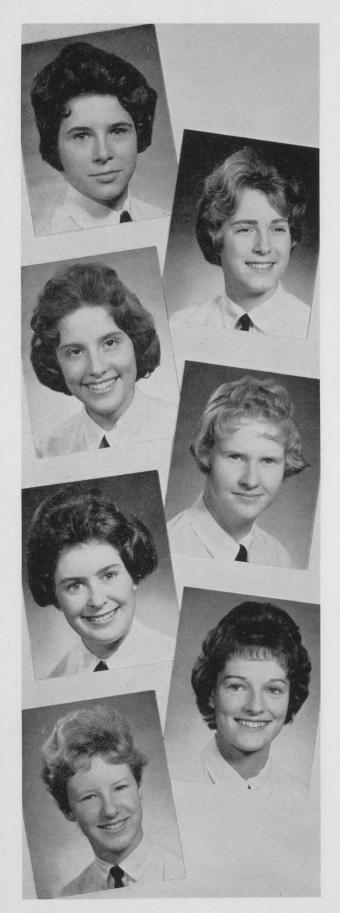
#### JULIA BERRY

Julia, Grade XI's Vice-President, has demonstrated her talents as secretary of Ballater, as a member of the Library Committee (great on the typewriter), and has found time for the School choir, piano lessons, and even Latin as an extra subject. Next year, Julia plans to take Grade XII and help to organize the new building.

#### MONICA DOWSE

Monica is one of the few natural blondes of Balmoral. As Class President of Grade XI her main ambition is to get us standing before classes. Monica's present plans include Grade XII for next September. Best of luck, Monica.





#### SUZANNE EVANS

Suzie may be small but the energy of Craig Gowan's little House Head should not be underestimated. She is more often seen in the XI study room or in the gymnasium strengthening her muscles for some gymnastic feat. Next year Sue goes to McGill University. Good luck Sue! Good luck McGill!

#### ROBERTA GENSER

Roberta—gay, good-natured, and well-travelled, describes Roberta. She is an enthusiastic supporter of Craig Gowan House, of which she is secretary. Included in her interest and activities are Choir, Sports and "Bruce of McGill". Lunch time finds her with Vita-Cal—why, no one knows. Oh-la-la! "those hair-do's!"

#### REESA GOLUMBIA

Reesa is a newcomer to Grade XI and a true supporter of Craig Gowan. Her bright smile and pleasing personality have won her many new friends. Next year, Reesa plans to take Home Economics at the University of Manitoba. We know she will be a success at everything she attempts.

#### GLORIA GRAHAM

Gloria, our new boarder from Fort William, is known for her thoughtfulness and was the envy of all with her mail and bouquets. She is a strong supporter of Craig Gowan and played on the School Volleyball and House Basketball teams. Sunday mornings find Gloria with a primary class at Westminster but next year it is Biology at St. John's College.

#### SIGNY HANSEN

Signy, our mischievous blue-eyed Icelandic gal is well known for leading Bunny Hops at Cadet Balls. Between swimming, golfing and badminton she finds time to coax Glen Gairn to games, to act on the Library Committee, and sing in the School Choir. See you in Grade XII, Signy.

#### JOSEPHINE KERR

"A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's too her dusky hair."

No doubt Joey will take a hand in the new building plans and Glen Gairn as she returns to Grade XII.

#### JUDITH KNIGHT

Judy, our golf and skiing enthusiast, is also games captain of Braemar and a Prefect. Besides all School games, she has had a busy year as Advertising Manager of the Magazine and has found time for the School Choir. Judy hopes to study for a year in Switzerland before entering University. Bonne chance!

#### JAQUELINE LYE

Jackie, our competent editor, can often be found at the phone discussing the complex problems shared only by School Captains. Our master organist has been the life-saver of all nervous assistants at the keyboard; she sings in the choir and supports Ballater House. Next year Jackie plans to test her organizing ability at St. John's.

#### VALERIE MACDUFF

Valerie, Ballater's cheerful uniform monitress, is famous for those fantastic hair-do's. When not watching "77 Sunset Strip" or reading her favourite authors, she occasionally finds time for study. Val hopes to nurse in the future. Happy flying, Val.

#### HELEN McGIBBON

Nicky insists that she is class V.I.P. adding originality to Grade XI with her multi-coloured hair-do's. Seriously, she is the enthusiastic Head of Glen Gairn and a member of the choir. Her future plans include a year at school in Switzerland with some travelling in Europe.

#### DIANE McNAUGHTON

Diane has been active on the Library Committee and has busily supported Braemar as uniform monitress, and on the volleyball team. Sometimes assisting at the organ, she is a member of the choir. Diane has come all the way from Kindergarten to Grade XI and plans to take Science at the University of Manitoba in September. Good luck, Diane!

#### LINDA MILLER

Linda, the busy Games Captain of Craig Gowan, has sparked the team's efforts and played both volleyball and basketball herself. Legal Linda, one of Grade XI's top students, plans to follow her father's footsteps and take law after two years of Arts at St. John's College. Here's to your success, Linda.

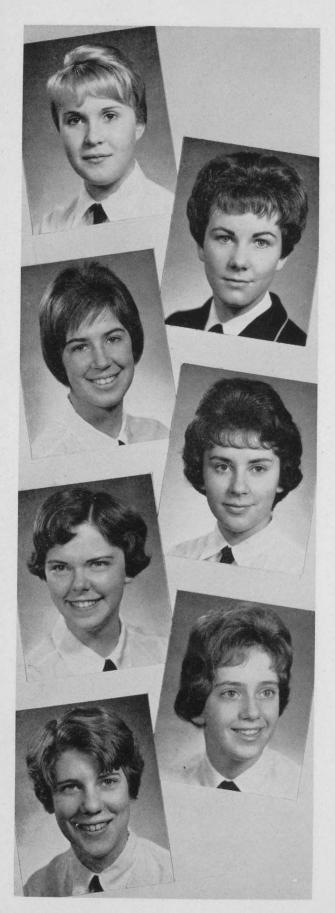
#### CORINNE NAIRN

Corinne, another "natural" blonde, and one of our quieter members of Grade XI, is a member of Ballater House, an expert in many "Fields", and an alto in the School choir. Next year, Corinne will complete Grade XI at United. Best of luck, Corinne.

#### BETTY NICHOL

"Bea", as the juniors call her, is our enthusiastic Sports Captain. Whenever Betty isn't to be found in the gym or the College Shop as our Eaton's Junior Counsellor, she is depositing a note at Miss Murrell-Wright's door—"May I please go?" Next year Betty's plans include Grade XII and her unceasing energy and weekly food parcels should both be helpful in establishing the new regime.





#### ELSA RENSAA

Elsa is Grade XI's brown-eyed, now brown-haired student. She is a member of the Library Committee, the school volleyball team and supports Glen Gairn. Most of all we know her as an artist—always ready to produce a poster. Next year Elsa hopes to enter Grade XII in Seattle, Washington. Keep drawing, Elsa!

#### DIANE SAGE

Diane, our all-American girl from San Diego, California, is taking Grade XI "special." Since she became a day-girl, the boarders have certainly had a better chance at the telephone. Diane has plans for Grade XII at home in September followed by an air hostess course.

#### ANNE SELLERS

"Rire, c'est la santé de l'esprit." Anne is the energetic head of Ballater, a Prefect, active on the Magazine Executive, especially in advertising, sings in the choir and plays the organ. She is one of the golfing "three" and a skier. Next year Anne has plans for School at Brillantemont, Switzerland—Good skiing, Anne, and good fun.

#### ELSIE SHANDRO

Elsie looks quiet, demure and pretty, but there's more than meets the eye. The Christmas pageant seems to have sparked her interest in shepherds. She has had a busy year as secretary of Braemar, one of the School organists, with her piano lessons and on the Library Committee—and what a hair stylist! "Hope to see you in the new building, Elsie.

#### MARY TWEDDELL

Mary came to us from Branksome Hall and has given her support to Ballater House. As Music Librarian, she has been busy all year and has also been Social Editor of the Magazine. Happy days, Mary, when you begin nursing at Montreal General in September.

#### ANITA URQUHART

Anita, a ski weekender, may have her head in the clouds but as Business Editor of the Magazine, in charge of photography, and as secretary of Glen Gairn, her feet are on the ground. Anita's present plans include Grade XII at United College. Keep smiling, Anita.

#### DILYS WHITE

Dilys has managed to serve on both the Magazine and Library Executives. She is well known for her absence from games, but has taken charge of the Magazines in the Library and as a member of the choir has assisted with the Music. Next year, "Dill" hopes to be driving herself to Interior Design lectures at the University of Manitoba.



HEAD GIRL — JUDITH COWIE SCHOOL CAPTAIN — JAQUELINE LYE

### **VALEDICTORY**

June, 1961

As we stand in our favourite spot by the river, we quietly review the achievements of 1960-61. Looking across the wide expanse of the playing field we remember the keen competition and the success of many Field Days. We look beyond to the Junior School Building and the gymnasium which reminds us of our dances, our games, our choir practices and our frantic gym rehearsals before the display. Of course we will never forget the boundless energy and school spirit of our juniors. We realize that you will someday form the nucleus of the Senior School.

Our gaze moves to the residence where girls from all parts of the country have lived together. What a year this has been! We will never forget the water fights, the packing and unpacking, happy tobogganing parties or the midnight snacks. What can you say when you're caught at 2 o'clock in the morning with a cup of coffee and a slice of toast?

Also visible is the Senior School Building where we as Prefects and Seniors have learned the true meaning of leadership. Here, too, we are mindful of House Meetings and our experiences on the Magazine Executive and the Library Committee.

The sounds of hammering, drilling and the shouts of busy workmen remind us that the New Building, though hidden from view, is on the way. This above all makes it hard for us to say good-bye—for we shall miss the experiences of this new era in the life of Balmoral Hall.

As we move away from the river bank we speak for all who are leaving and we say to you, "Make the most of your opportunities and let our motto 'Seeking Better Things' always be your guide."

Love and best wishes

JUDY and JACKIE

We are grateful to the following advertisers who are supporting our magazine with a single line in place of their usual space advertisement. This helps us to lower the cost of publication.

George H. Sellers

J. R. Sutherland Realtors

D. W. Evans

A. S. Leach

Moody, Moore and Partners Architects and Consulting Engineers Stovel-Advocate Press Ltd. R. M. Webb

### BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

#### CHRISTMAS TERM, 1960

Sept. 8—Boarders arrive.

Sept. 9—Opening Prayers.

Head Girl and new Prefects receive

School Meeting.

Sept. 10—House Heads elected.

Prefects give party to welcome new boarders.

Games Meeting for new girls.

Sept. 13—Class Presidents elected.

Sept. 15—Carol Albertsen appointed Head of Residence.

Sept. 16—Summer Reading Tests.

Sept. 20—Library Executive announced.

Oct. 5—Junior Sports Day. Oct. 6—Senior Sports Day.

Oct. 7—Thanksgiving Service.

New Prefects receive cords.

Oct. 7-10—Thanksgiving weekend. Oct. 11—Sports Day Cups awarded.

Oct. 12—Rev. W. Vaughan, Board of Colleges and Secondary Schools, attends Morning Prayers.

Oct. 13—Magazine Executive announced.

Oct. 21—Boarders attend Celebrity Concert.

Oct. 26—Decision to build New Residence announced at Morning Prayers.

Oct. 28—Junior and Senior Hallowe'en Parties.

Oct. 29—Red House boarders moved into White House.

Nov. 7—Wrecking of the Red House begins.

Nov. 9—Remembrance Day Service conducted by Canon J. C. Clough.

Nov. 9-11—Boarders' long weekend.

Nov. 16—Grades IX-XII watch "Macbeth" on television.

Nov. 18—"Pride and Prejudice" Film in Common Room.

Nov. 22—Dr. P. Ketchum, Principal of Trinity College School, Port Hope, attends Morning Prayers.

Nov. 24—"Pouring cement" started.

Nov. 30—Churchill High defeated School Volley-ball team.

Dec. 7—Christmas examinations begin.

Collection of canned foods for Point

Douglas Mission.

Dec. 8—Collection of toys for Point Douglas
Mission.

Dec. 9—Collection of clothing for St. Aldhelm's Mission of Birch River.

Dec. 15-Boarders' Christmas Party.

Dec. 16—Carol Service.

School closes for Christmas vacation.

#### EASTER TERM, 1961

Jan. 8-Boarders return.

an. 9-School re-opens.

Jan. 11—Senior boarders attend performance by Canadian National Ballet.

Jan. 15—Boarders' toboggan party.

Jan. 20—Grades III-XII visit Van Gogh Exhibition.

Jan. 27—Graduate Dinner given by the Alumnae Association.
Alumnae Games Night.

Feb. 3—Senior boarders attend "Macbeth" performed by St. John's Ravenscourt.

Feb. 10—"Cupid Capers", Valentine Dance.

Feb. 10-13—Boarders' weekend.

Feb. 15—Ash Wednesday.

Canon J. C. Clough conducts Morning
Prayers.

Feb. 17—First Lent collection for Missions.

Mar. 3—Gymnastics Display at Playhouse Theatre.

Mar. 4—Miss Murrell-Wright leaves for western tour.

Mar. 12—Miss Irene Dickson takes Boarders' Evening Prayers.

Mar. 13—Miss Murrell-Wright returns.

Mar. 21—Easter examinations begin.

Mar. 29—Last Lent collection for Missions. School closes for Easter vacation.

#### SUMMER TERM, 1961

April 11—Boarders return.

April 12—School re-opens.

April 21—Sale of white and green dresses by Mothers' Auxiliary.

May 10—Mothers' Auxiliary Annual Meeting, 2.30 p.m.

May 19-22-Victoria Day weekend.

May 23-26—Students' Family Allowance Cheque Week.

May 26—Graduation Dance.

May 31—Fashion Show.

Presentation of students' cheques to Chairman of Building Fund.

June 1—Drawing Room Tea.

June 2—Swimming Meet. June 11—Closing Evensong.

June 13—Closing Exercises at Westminster Church followed by Garden Party at Balmoral Hall.

Sept. 6—Boarders arrive by 6 p.m.

Sept. 7—School opens at 9 a.m.

## THE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Albertsen, Carol		Bullock, Linda	
Homewood, ManSH	5-3406	872 Grosvenor Ave. (9)GL	2-7195
ALEXANDER, JENNIFER and KATHERINE		CAIN, SUSAN	
85 Yale Ave. (9)GL	3-5411	652 Viscount Place (19)GL	3-1616
ALEXANDER, KATHRYN		CAMPBELL, HEATHER	
150 Oak St. (9)GR	5-0667	405 Hosmer Blvd. (29)HU	9-3235
Allison, Lorraine		CAMPBELL, JANET	
73 Kingsway Ave. (9)	5-1078	36 Mountwood Ave.,	
Andison, Maryel and Margaret	0 10,0	Hamilton, OntJA	9-4753
74 Roslyn Crescent (13)GL	2-6753	CARSCALLEN, MARY	
Andrews, Jo-Ann	2-0100	205 Dromore Ave. (9)	5-4718
Box 662, Fort Frances, Ont	5.4444	CASEY, DEBORAH	0 1,10
	.0-1111	700 Wellington Crescent (9)GR	5-4664
ARMYTAGE, CAROL	- 010-	CATLEY, LYNNE and ELIZABETH	0 1001
14 Ruskin Row (9)GR	5-6405	830 Campbell St. (9)HU	0-8601
ARNESON, ELIZABETH	100	Clough, Elizabeth, Judith and Cathers	
Box 231, Lac du Bonnet, Man	423	511 Stradbrook Ave. (13)GR	
ARNETT, LINDA GAIL		Coke, John	9-0019
120 Waterloo Street (9)GR	5-6670	291 Montrose St. (9)GR	5 1700
Ashdown, Barbara			3-1709
860 Wellington Crescent (9)GL	3-0617	COLWILL, KELLY 204 Brook St. (9)HU	0 7671
BAIN, MARLENE			9-7071
1188 Kildonan Drive,		COLVILLE, LOUISE 157 Carpathia Road (9)HU	0 5105
North Kildonan (16), ManED	9-3202		9-5185
BAKER, NORA		Condo, Rosemary	- 0000
54 Wilton St. (9)GL	2-7391	99 Harvard Ave. (9)GR	5-6628
BARLING, JILL		Cowie, Judith	- 1010
326 Hosmer Blvd. (29)HU	9-5595	361 Cambridge St. (9)GR	5-4043
BAXTER, SUSAN		CRAIB, DIANNE	
52 Yale Ave. (9)GL	2-3356	Ste. 10, Surrey Arms,	0 1-1-
Bendas, Roxana	_ 0000	2026 Portage Ave. (12)TU	8-4745
2125-6th Ave. W.,		CRANSTON, CAROL	
Prince Albert, SaskRO	3-3771	410 Niagara St. (9)GR	5-5067
	0 0111	CROWE, CAROLINE	
BENTLEY-WALLS, JILL	2 4044	10 Pheasant St. (19)GL	3-4090
1102 Strathcona St. (10)SU	5-4044	Culver, Nancy	
BERRY, JULIA and MARGARET	- 0-00		5-6810
310 Dromore Ave. (9)GR	5-0790	Dangerfield, Marsha	
BETTS, CATHERINE		74 St. Mary's Road,	
277 Lyndale Drive,	0.500=	Norwood, ManGL	2-2537
Norwood, ManGL	2-5207	Daniels, Susan	
BLEEKS, JACQUELINE	0.0400	816 Oxford St. (9)HU	9-7839
208 Victoria Crescent (8)AL	6-0436	Dempster, Dorothea	
BLICK, BARBARA and DIANE	* 1000	222 Poplar Crescent,	
61 Harvard Ave. (9)GR	5-1200	Saskatoon, SaskDI	3-1009
BLOOMER, DEBORA		DICKSON, DEBORAH	
2554 Assiniboine Crescent (12)VE	2-2905	1034 Wellington Crescent (9)GL	3-6911
BOYER, KAETHE		Doidge, Jane and Kathryn	
207 Wildwood Park (19)GL	2-4058	99 Middlegate (1)SP	2-1144
Bracken, Susan		Dowler, Judith	
234 Oxford St. (9)GL	3-1164	277 Harvard Ave. (9)GR	5-1250
Brereton, Elizabeth		Dowse, Monica	
465 Montrose St. (9)GL	2-9647	167 Kingston Row, St. Vital (8)CH	7-4198
Briggs, Jane		Dubiskey, Vera	
118 Westgate (1)SU	3-1616	Box 626, Canora, Sask	3/5201
Brodie, Joanne		EATON, NANCY ANN	,
1335 Victoria Ave., Brandon, Man.PA	6-4554	1015 Wellington Crescent (9)GL	3-5847
Brooks, Maureen		Egerton, Frances	
91 Waterloo St. (9)HU	9-1712	575 Agnes St. (10)SP	2-0501
Brown, Irene		Elsdon, Wendy	
670 Wellington Crescent (9)GL	3-3824	Box 250, Wilkie, SaskWilk	ie 230

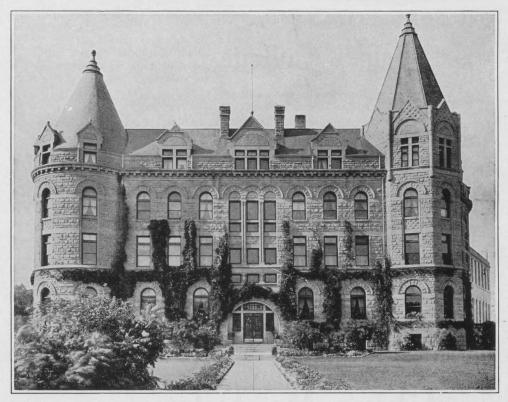
	Harris, Susan	
2-8343	291 Cordova St. (9)HU	9-4686
	HARRISON, DAWN	
2-2173	201 Harvard Ave. (9) GR	5-0872
	HARRISON, JANET	
3-6965	172 Church Ave. (4)HU	6-1644
9-1711	359 Oxford St. (9) GL	3-2712
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2-0010		2-1101
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5-5623		
	319 Kelvin Blvd. (29)HU	9-6479
15	HUEBERT, IRENE	
	418 Laidlaw Blvd. (29)HU	9-2700
5-4881	HUNT, ANNA MARIE	
		2-0090
2-5043		5-1479
5-5227	108 Brock St. (9) HII	9-4428
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5-4762	KANDEL, SHEREE ANN	
	44 Roslyn Crescent (13)GL	2-7872
9-3376	KAYSER, PAMELLA	
	127 Cordova St. (9)	9-5227
9-5096		
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2-2460	KIDD, ELLEN	
	316 Rita St. (12)VE	2-6939
2-3815	KILGOUR, DIANA	
	10 Ruskin Row (9)GR	4-1646
2-5200	KILGOUR, KATHARINE	
	275 Harvard Ave. (9)GR	5-6570
8-6988		
	749 South Drive (19)	3-2969
7-3924	8 Fulham Crescent (9) HU	9-7711
., 0021		
0-4737		2-4041
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2-0889		2-1700
0.4000	ANIGHT, JUDITH	0 6190
3-4803	123 Greniell Blvd. (29)HU	9-0130
	2-8343 2-2173 3-6965 9-1711 2-9379 8-1343 5-5623	Harrison, Dawn   201 Harvard Ave. (9)

Lansky, Ditte		MURRAY, MADELEINE and LORRAINE	
Box 520, Carman, ManSH	5-2371	703 Wellington Crescent (9)GL	3-1886
LEACH, LINDA		Nairn, Corinne	
761 Wellington Crescent (9)GL	3-6233	542 Waterloo St. (9)HU	9-6281
	0 0200	Nebbs, Louise	0-0201
LEADLEY, DIANA 350 Morley Ave. (13)GL	2 2100		2 2055
	3 2108	99 Braemar Ave., Norwood, Man. CE	3-3937
LeBeau, Brenda 674 Waverley St. (9)HU	0 9669	NEILSON, KATHRYN	
	9-2002	4909 Roblin Boulevard,	0 1000
LINDER, ZIVIA	0 0015	Charleswood (20), ManVE	2-1996
653 Cordova St. (9)HU	9-0917	NELSON, NANCY	0.0054
LOEWEN, MARK	0 1015	285 Academy Road (9)GL	2-6654
905 Renfrew St. (9)HU	9-1017	NEVILLE, MARILYN	
Logan, Donna Lynn	0.7000	1206 Downing St. (3)	4-9296
282 Winchester St. (12)TU	8-7238	Newcombe, Catherine	- 000
LYE, JAQUELINE		28 Nichol Ave., St. Vital (8)CH	7-9085
Box 69, MacGregor, Man	7	NICHOL, BETTY	
MacDuff, Valerie		Bagot, Manitoba455 ring 1	and 2
P.O. Box 339, Carman, ManSH	5-2707	NIGHTINGALE, DOROTHY	
MacKenzie, Dale		111 Girton Boulevard (29)HU	9-2766
38 Whyte Ave., Dryden, Ont	13	NOONAN, SHERYL	
McBey, Kenneth		845 Wellington Crescent (9)GL	2-5587
299 Carpathia Road (9)HU	9-5744	OSLER, SUSAN	
McCaughey, Gerald		12 Ruskin Row (9)GL	2-5267
70 Kingsway Ave. (9)GL	3-2787	PENNOCK, PATRICIA, CATHERINE and MAR	THA
McCrea, Susan		265 Dromore Ave. (9)GL	3-5001
244 Roslyn Road (13)GL	3-8258	PHILLIPS, SCOTT	
McCulloch, Clare		2519 Assiniboine Crescent (12)VE	2.6476
321 Dromore Ave. (9)GL	2-4163	PITT, LINDA	
McDonald, Penny		202 Third St. N., Kenora, OntHO	8-8059
127 Handsart Boulevard (29)HU	9-7489	PLAXTON, JILL	
McGibbon, Helen		1166 Grosvenor Ave. (9)	5-6398
25 Ruskin Row (9)GR	5-6040	PUTTOCK, SHIRLEY and PAMELA	
McIntosh, Elizabeth		131 Waterloo St. (9)HU	9-4021
285 Sharpe Boulevard (12)TU	8-4726	Quinn, Judith	
McKee, Dale		235 Cordova St. (9)HU	9-3029
2015 Gallagher Ave. (3)SP	4-5011	RATTRAY, JESSICA	0 00-0
McLean, Anne	1 0011	180 Waverley St. (9)	2-2327
119 Brock St., (9)HU	9-4049	REEVE, BARBARA and PATRICIA	
McMurray, Barbara			5-9078
182 Oxford St. (9)GL	3-0214	REIMER, GARRY	0 0010
McNaughton, Diane	0 0211	1362 Mathers Bay East (9)HU	0.4092
307 Park Boulevard (29)HU	9-9310	REID, MARYLYN	0 1002
Majury, Susan	0-0010	9750-145 St., Edmonton, AltaHU	8-5392
296 Cordova St. (9)HU	0-4646		0-0002
	3-4040	RENSAA, ELSA	0 =100
MALONE, DEIRDRE	0.0440	8710-116th St., Edmonton, AltaGE	3-7136
213 Handsart Boulevard (29)HU	9-2448	RICHARDSON, CAROLYN and SERENA	
MARTINDALE, MARY	2 4000	5209 Roblin Boulevard,	
420 Oxford St. (9)GL	2-1863	Charleswood (20), ManVE	2-5433
Mason, Ann		RICHARDSON, PAMELA and KAREN	
395 Niagara St. (9)HU	9-7615	484 Wellington Crescent (9)GL	3-3192
MILLER, LINDA		RILEY, JEAN and DEBORAH	
605 River Ave. (13)GL	3-3061		2-4467
MINER, SCOTT		RILEY, SUSAN	
320 Sydney Ave.,		143 Lawndale Ave.,	
East Kildonan (15), ManED	9-1286	Norwood, ManGL	3-3443
Moody, Jane		RIPLEY, MARY ALICE	
R.R. No. 1-1, St. Norbert, ManGL	2-0203	Sandy Bay, Sask	
Moore, Darryl		ROBINSON, MICHELE	
61 Roslyn Crescent (13)GL	3-3968	930 Sargent Ave. (3)SU	3-3729
MURRAY, CATHERINE		ROGERS, DONNA LEE and ROBERT	
753 Waterford Ave. (19)	2-2532	836 Wellington Crescent (9) GL	2-3573

Ross, John	STEWART, SIGNY
211 Girton Boulevard (29)HU 9-3163	137 Elm St. (9)
Roulston, Denise and Claire	SUTHERLAND, JOANNE
327 Waverley St. (9)GL 2-8501	246 Colony St. (1)SP 2-2491
Russell, Nancy	SWAFFIELD, LILY
61 Waterloo St. (9)HU 9-2731	31 Baffin Crescent (10)VE 7-1576
RUSSELL, NANCY JUNA	SWINDELL, CAROL
740 South Drive (19)GL 2-6526	117 Girton Boulevard (29)
SAGE, DIANE	SWINDEN, GAEL
5449 Hewlett Drive, San Diego 15,	586 River Ave. (13)
California, U.S.AJW 2-4510	SYM, NANCY
Saunders, Susan	Ste. 3, Plaza Apts.,
	29 Arbuthnot St. (9)
191 Oakdean Boulevard,	TANNER, FRANCES
Woodhaven, ManVE 2-6366	301 Cambridge St. (9)
SCARROW, JUNE	Thomas, Catherine
94 Hazel Dell Ave.,	150 Woodhaven Boulevard (12)VE 7-2487
East Kildonan (5), ManED 4-5448	Todd, Gertrude
SCARTH, RACHAEL	135 Bank Ave., St. Vital (8,) Man. CH 7-4079
409 North Drive (19)GL 3-0670	TRIMBLE, LYNN
SCHMIED, CAROLYN	233 Lamont Boulevard (29)
P.O. Box 51, Churchill, Man2244	
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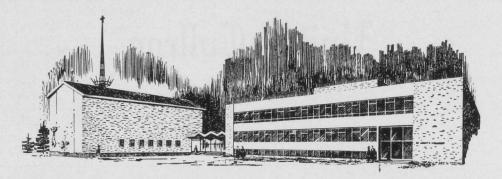
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But much I fear they'll find that facts
Don't always track with dreams;

And running this old world is not
As easy as it seems.

The graduate is prone to think
His wisdom is complete.
He's but to ask — the world will lay
Its trophies at his feet.
But schooldays done and work begun,
He learns to his regret
The college of experience
He has not mastered yet.

The world has garlands and applause
At graduating time;
But may forget him the next day
When he attempts to climb.
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Must seek and hold his own.
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This is the rule of life to-day,
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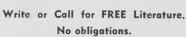
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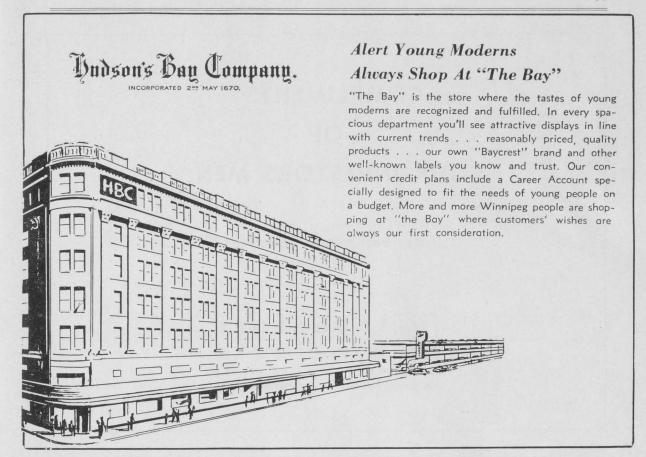
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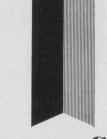
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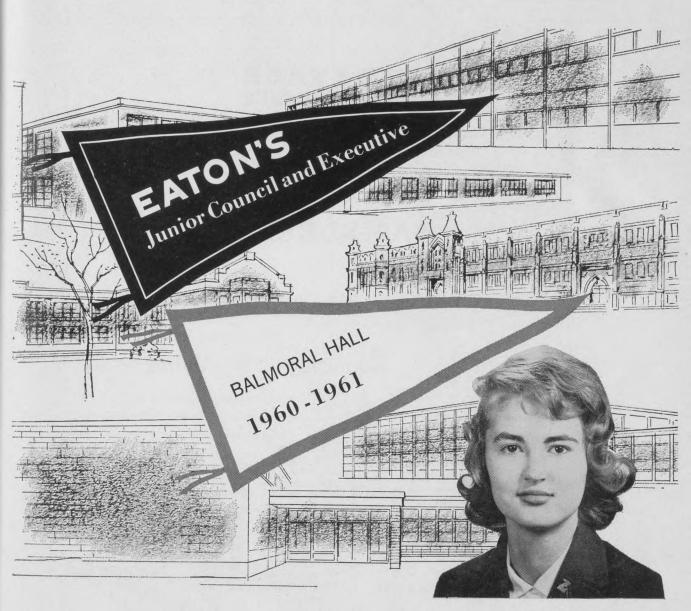
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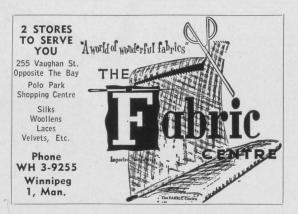
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